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THE HON. WILLIAM L. WILSON.

Drawn from Life by George W. Breck.—[See Page 151.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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"THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY."

IN accordance with what we conceive to be the duty of an independent journal, to give to its readers the fairest possible view of the doings and aspirations of political parties and public men, we publish on another page a presentation of "the opportunity of the Republican party," by Senator LODGE, from Massachusetts. Mr. LODGE belongs to the younger generation of Republicans, and he represents in the Senate that State which has long figured in the history of this country as the vanguard of enlightened and progressive thought. He may therefore be supposed to be less affected by the passions and prejudices left behind by past struggles than many of his older colleagues. He is also young, and a man of ability and culture, who would, as such, be apt to look beyond the narrow horizon of the mere partisan. He has, indeed, by his speeches in Congress, shown a just conception of one of the most important problems of our days, that of civil service reform. For these reasons we may expect to hear from him the most encouraging and hopeful things that can be said of the party which counts him among its influential members. If the encouragement he gives us is not as great as might be wished, it is more the fault of the theme than of the writer.

Mr. LODGE begins by saying that "the needs of the country are the opportunity of the Republican party," and that "whenever the country has wanted something done, it has turned to the Republican party or its predecessors to do it." Then he informs us that the Republican party is not a thing of comparatively recent creation, but that it existed at the time of the foundation of the government under the name of the Federal party, and continued its existence under the name of the Whig party until 1854, when it assumed its present name. He informs us further that, the Federalists having built up the government, the Democrats accepted their work and carried it forward. We do not think Mr. LODGE has done his party a service by this historical statement. That the Federal party under WASHINGTON'S two administrations built up the organization, and fashioned the policy of the government upon principles which subsequently, in great measure at least, were generally accepted and acted upon, is true. But under the second President, JOHN ADAMS, the Federal party lost public favor by abuses of power, and after having been in office for twelve years, it was superseded by the Democrats, who remained in possession of the government forty years, from 1801 to 1841. The Whigs succeeded them for one Presidential term. The Democrats held power again from 1845 to 1849, the Whigs from 1849 to 1853, and the Democrats from 1853 to 1861. Thus it turns out that from 1789 until 1861 the Federalists and the Whigs, or, as Mr. LODGE will have it, the Republicans, held power only twenty years, and the Democrats fifty-two. Nor will Mr. LODGE assert that, leaving aside the formative period under WASHINGTON, the country turned to the Federalists or Whigs—or the Republicans—whenever it "wanted something done." If so, then it must have "wanted something done" only in 1840 and in 1848. And it is certain that neither between 1841 and 1845, nor between 1849 and 1853, the Whigs proved themselves remarkably capable of "doing something." The HARRISON-TYLER administration was a scene of political confusion, and resulted in the annexation of Texas. Mr. LODGE will hardly pretend that these were the things which the people who elected HARRISON and TYLER "wanted done." Nor did the Whigs under the TAYLOR-FILLMORE administration accomplish anything to boast of. Although a protectionist party, they did not disturb the so-called "Democratic free-trade tariff" under which the country prospered. But under their auspices the compromise of 1850 was made, including the fugitive-slave law.

On the whole, Mr. LODGE will have to admit that if the people accepted the main features of the Federalist policy, they certainly preferred to intrust the Democratic party with the practical conduct of the government, for after the first Federalist defeat they kept the Democratic party in power from 1801 until 1861, for sixty years, with the exception of only eight. There was very much done during that period, good and bad, and we are certainly far from approving all of it. But he is a bold historian who tells us that it was the Federal or Whig party to which the American people turned "whenever the country wanted something done," while they kept the Federal and the Whig party out of power for fifty-two years in sixty. So much for *ante-bellum* history, which Mr. LODGE would do well to re-read.

After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, the people did indeed turn to the Republican party to stop the spread of slavery, and eventually to save the Union, and to abolish slavery altogether. But the Republican party of that day was by no means a mere continuation of the old Federal and Whig parties. If it had been that, the country would have turned to it in vain. It was distinctly a combination of antislavery Whigs, antislavery Democrats, and Free-Soilers, who, sinking minor differences, united for a well-defined specific purpose. In the first Republican administration the President was a former Whig, the Vice-President a former Democrat, and of the members of the cabinet four were former Democrats and three former Whigs. The party before the civil war had indeed more Whigs in its ranks than Democrats, but the Democratic element was in point of ability and zeal, and also of numbers, an exceedingly important one, and it increased in numerical strength during the war, especially through the accession of Democratic soldiers. When the specific purpose for which the Republican party had been originally organized, and to which all other differences of opinion had been subordinated, was accomplished, and other questions resumed their importance, the party began to disintegrate. This disintegration was retarded by the prestige the party had won by its success in the struggle against slavery and secession, as well as by a popular feeling of distrust of those who had been disloyal during the civil conflict. But as these things spent their force the dropping off from the Republican party went on, induced partly by the demoralization bred by the long possession of power, partly by differences of opinion on economic questions, and by apprehensions created as to the general tendency of the Republican policies. Having originally been something very different, the Republican is now becoming very like the old Whig party.

Now, as Mr. LODGE tells us, the country again turns to the Republican party because it "wants something done." What does it want done? According to Mr. LODGE, the country wants "rest." Why have we not "rest" now? The principal cause of trouble, according to Mr. LODGE, is connected with the tariff. But all our tariff legislation since 1861 has been of Republican origin. Nobody will pretend that this Republican tariff legislation gave the country "rest," for one change of the tariff laws chased another almost year after year. There was constant mutation and uncertainty. The tariff was made higher and higher, until finally it reached the MCKINLEY notch. Mr. LODGE will hardly pretend that before the MCKINLEY tariff was made "the country turned to the Republican party" to have this thing "done." But it is certain that when it was done, the unrest became greater than ever—so great, indeed, that in two elections, those of 1890 and 1892, both turning upon this as the distinct issue, the country declared itself strongly against the MCKINLEY tariff, and drove the Republican party out of power. If it can be said that of late years the country ever turned to a political party to have "something done," it was in this instance. The thing to be done was tariff reform in the direction of low duties, and the party turned to was not the Republican but the Democratic party.

The question now is whether the Democratic party will show itself capable of accomplishing what the country has twice unequivocally declared that it "wants done." If, in spite of the distracting elements in it, the Democratic party shows itself equal to the task—in other words, if it enacts the tariff provisions of the WILSON bill substantially as they are into law—we risk little in predicting that the business of the country will accommodate itself to it as rapidly as fifty years ago it accommodated itself to the low tariff of 1844, and that a period of "rest" will follow now, as it followed then. Mr. LODGE will in this case, we hope, see "the opportunity of the Republican party" in a policy calculated not to disturb that rest. He now speaks of the Republican party as not being bound, if returned to power, "to enforce any particular set of tariff schedules." This looks like rank heresy as to the divine authority of the MCKINLEY tariff. But once adrift as to schedules, he may find the WILSON tariff a very conservative measure, which, had it been adopted by the Republicans twenty years ago, would have been accepted by the country as in the main abundantly protective, and would, if followed to its logical consequences, have done far more to give the country that economic rest which Mr. LODGE is now so sadly in search of than any measure in the line of policy adopted by the Republican party possibly could do.

If the Democrats should not prove themselves equal to their task, the Republican party would have a most glorious opportunity—namely, to do what the Democrats ought to have done.

PLATT, THE WOULD-BE SAND-BAGGER.

No other interpretation can be put upon THOMAS C. PLATT'S recent conduct than this—that he has deliberately plotted to sand-bag the efforts of respectable Republicans to reorganize their party in New York County. In a carefully prepared interview written by himself, and studiously arranged and altered at the frequent suggestion of his young friend JOHN E. MILHOLLAND, Mr. PLATT has attempted to overthrow the work of months of such Republicans as CORNELIUS N. BLISS, EDWARD MITCHELL, CHARLES STEWART SMITH, HORACE RUSSELL, WILLIAM BROOKFIELD, WILLIAM L. STRONG, S. V. R. CRUGER, EDWARD LAUTERBACH, EDWIN EINSTEIN, and others equally distinguished. Mr. BLISS and his friends of the Committee of Thirty recommended their plan of reorganization on December 19th, and this plan was adopted by the Republican County Committee on January 13th, just a month ago. The Republican County Committee, elected and established by the Republican voters of the city and county of New York, ordained that the plan of reorganization should set out with a new enrolment and organization of the Republicans of the city of New York. The new enrolment is now proceeding rapidly at the headquarters of the committee in Fifth Avenue. The plan adopted by the only authoritative Republican body in the county recommends the election district system of organization, and the abolition of the Assembly district committees and of the Assembly district leaders. It is in many respects similar to the Philadelphia system, and to the system recently adopted in Kings County, which aided so effectually in scattering to the merciless elements the Brooklyn ringsters. The eminent New York Republicans who have the reorganization in charge have labored unceasingly since November, and have been heartily congratulated on the success of their efforts to smash the old machine, which, under the leadership of JACOB M. PATTERSON, has been discredited since Governor CORNELL'S time. That machine was notorious for dickers and deals and treacherous alliances with Tammany Hall.

With the lesson taught by the people in the November elections, that political bosses and bossism were out of fashion, Mr. BLISS and his friends had a right to expect that if they did not actually receive counsel and aid from Mr. PLATT, they would at least not be molested in their efforts to haul the Republican party of the county out of its frightful predicament, and give it at least the appearance of respectability and good faith. With this work well on its way, and, indeed, almost approaching fruition, Mr. PLATT, hitherto silent and grim, issues what was intended to be a deadly assault upon Mr. BLISS and his associates, and upon their efforts to sink into oblivion the Republican rogues and traders. Mr. PLATT in his pronunciamento declares that the election district plan of reorganization is unworkable. Yet this plan starts with three enrolling officers in each of the 1142 election districts in the county, thereby interesting from the first step 3426 loyal Republicans. Mr. PLATT remained silent for three months, and then proclaims that he favors MILHOLLAND and his plan, which insists on the maintenance of the old Assembly district system. Under the BLISS election district plan there would be little or no opportunity for the shameful barters with Tammany that have made the Republican party in New York County a "byword and a hissing" for fifteen years. Under the MILHOLLAND plan the old opportunities for trickery are retained. With all the old hack labor leaders in his train, and with county leaders who were rebuked and dropped at the recent Republican primaries seeking new sources for plunder, MILHOLLAND flaunts his ragtag and bobtail lists in the faces of respectable Republicans in New York city, and Mr. PLATT, fully aware that these upright citizens will have nothing to do with him and his political jobs, rushes to the support of his dummy MILHOLLAND and the banditti at his back. It is encouraging to learn from Mr. BLISS and his friends that, undeterred by Mr. PLATT'S schemes, the Committee of Thirty will perfect their plan of reorganization, and that Mr. PLATT'S imperious and destructive influence will at least be removed from the Republican party within the limits of New York County.

THE POLICE INVESTIGATION.

As the WEEKLY had already said that "PLATT'S investigation is not above suspicion," the incidents of the first sessions of the Senate Committee were not surprising. Accused politicians invariably regard the public as hot-headed and unwary. When CROKER was under very hot fire a few weeks ago, he wanted to know what proof had been given as to the truth of the charges against himself and Tammany. When the PLATT Senators were asked to investigate they intimated plainly that they did not believe that evidence of police corruption could be produced. It is apparent now that the inquiry was authorized in the expectation that it would be a failure. And it was in anticipation of just such a state of things that the WEEKLY opposed a PLATT investigation.

This committee, having come to New York, asked private

citizens for their evidence. If its members had been moved by the proper spirit they would have sought evidence themselves, but at first they manifested no disposition to do this. Private citizens had shown the presumption of corruption in the Police Department, and newspapers had indicated where the testimony might be had. One police captain had been indicted by the Grand Jury, and detailed charges against high officials of the force had been made by Dr. PARKHURST'S society. Notwithstanding this, when the committee, which had been appointed only after enormous pressure from the public, came together in New York, it was found that the investigation conducted on the lines proposed by Chairman LEXOW would result in the escape of the guilty, and the work of reform would consequently have received a serious set-back. Fortunately both Dr. PARKHURST and the Chamber of Commerce declined to share the responsibility of such an investigation, and whatever good results from the committee's inquiry will be due, first, to the insistence of Dr. PARKHURST and President SMITH that the members of the Legislature, and not organizations of private citizens, shall perform the task of placing on official record the evidence that can be had if it is sought properly and diligently.

Mr. SMITH, speaking for the Chamber of Commerce, announced that it was the opinion of the body over which he presided that the Legislature, regardless of the investigation, should pass a bill providing for a single head to the police force.

This is precisely what the WEEKLY has contended for from the beginning. An honest investigation will reveal the evils of the control of the force by politicians, and will bring to light much wrong-doing that will perhaps lead to the indictment and punishment of the guilty. It will furnish a convenient public record of the reasons for the change of system. It may incidentally supply material for real reform in legislation concerning municipalities. But the whole community knows now as well as it will know after the testimony is taken that the present system is wrong, and that the police ought to have one head who is a real executive, and not four heads whose chief business is in making political deals. The soundness of the point made by the president of the Chamber of Commerce is so clearly right that any delay on the part of the Legislature to act on it will only be additional evidence of the unwillingness of the majority to institute any real reforms in this city.

ANARCHY IN NEW JERSEY.

THE dead-lock in the Legislature at Trenton continues. The Senate is divided into factions. A minority of the members, sitting in the hall of the Senate, and recognized as the regular body by the Governor, are of course incompetent to vote on any question but that of adjournment from day to day. The majority have met and organized elsewhere, and are treated by the Assembly as the co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, passing bills which the Governor refuses to notice, and electing by joint ballot State officers whose authority to act will doubtless be contested. In short, the constitutional machinery for ascertaining the people's will, and expressing it in the government of the State, has broken down. A grave defect is thus disclosed in its structure, which threatens indefinite mischief unless remedied.

This defect lies in the provision found in all our written Constitutions, national and State, by which a legislative body is made the judge of the qualifications, including the election, of its members. This provision is derived from the traditional right of the British Parliament, asserted by it in the days when the courts were willing servants of the crown, in the interests of legislative independence and of popular rights. But Parliament has recently surrendered this prerogative to the courts of law, thus formally acknowledging that a political assembly is not to be trusted with the decision of judicial issues involving political power. The change in Great Britain has proved a valuable reform, and contested seats in Parliament are now awarded with the same impartiality and justice as if they were contested estates.

But in this country the old Parliamentary privilege has survived its reason and its usefulness, and now the rights of electors are subordinated to the will and the interests of political majorities in all our legislative bodies, so that the popular conscience is debauched, and confidence in the stability of our institutions is weakened.

The day when the Legislature first met at Trenton, six weeks ago, it became known that McDERMOTT and his associates had conspired to wrest the control of the Senate from the Republican majority elected by the people. Mr. TERHUNE, the Democratic candidate who had been defeated by Senator BRADLEY, was invited by them to contest the seat, and assured that he would be seated by the "hold-over" Democrats before the newly elected Republicans were admitted. He openly refused to claim the seat, declaring BRADLEY fairly elected, and the plot an outrage. Nevertheless, the ten Democratic Senators persisted in prosecuting the conspiracy. From several of them nothing better was expected. But it is painful to find in such company and in such an enterprise Senator WINTON, of Hackensack, whose consistent record as an opponent of the race-track legislation of last year makes very credible the report that he is a reluctant and rebellious servant of the conspirators.

The contest of the factions is now one of technicalities. It is acknowledged that the two divisions of the Senate must soon come together; and the practical question is which shall make the first confession of uneasiness by taking a step which recognizes the existence and claims of the other. The technical issues between them are of no great concern to the public outside of New Jersey politics. The principles which relate to the contest are of the highest moment to the country, and to the future of republican government. As respects the local situation at Trenton, it affords a great opportunity to the popular branch of the Legislature. Its work is stopped, its time is utterly wasted, its will to serve the State is paralyzed, by the disorder of the Senate. Without regard to partisanship, it ought immediately to appoint an investigating committee of its ablest members to take the testimony of every person who has shared in the proceedings which have demoralized the State government, and report the precise facts to the Assembly. Such a report, if honest and complete, will be a complete check to this conspiracy, and to any imitation of it hereafter.

But the fundamental remedy for all such disorders as these which have lately disgraced the great States of New York and New Jersey in their highest legislative bodies will be found only in the amendment of the Constitution, so as to vest in the courts of law the decisions of all contested elections.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

IT has been frequently said of the late GEORGE W. CHILDS, since his death and before, that his was a typical American career. The remark was suggested doubtless by the extraordinary success to which Mr. CHILDS attained from a very humble and unpromising beginning. But we think the judgment hardly does justice to the qualities of Mr. CHILDS' character, which were essentially his own. The men who have acquired wealth and reputation and influence in the United States, beginning as low on the ladder as he began, have since the time of FRANKLIN been very many, but that is not true of the United States alone. The late WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, in England, was an instance of the bookseller's clerk passing through stages of business achievement even more remarkable than that of Mr. CHILDS, to an eminent position and wide influence in public life such as the latter neither gained nor sought, and there are like examples in France and Germany.

It was not the acquisition of large wealth that was especially noteworthy in Mr. CHILDS. It was the use he made of it. Indeed, had it not been for that use of his acquisitions, his wealth would have been far greater at his death than it was, and his fortune might easily have ranked among the marvels which our cousins on the other side of the ocean like to wonder at and cannot help envying. He was always, from his earliest manhood, a most generous man. He gave, and gave largely, of what he had, and no less largely, in proportion to his means, when he was relatively poor than in later years. The objects of his generosity were always worthy, and usually very worthy, though it does not seem to have been directed to the systematic accomplishment of any well-considered purpose. It was in some degree impulsive, but it was the impulsiveness of a warm heart guided by sound sense and shrewd experience. He cannot be said always to have guarded the secret of one hand's giving from the other hand, as the Scriptural injunction would have it; but those who knew him best know that ostentation was no part of the motive of his giving, and that his personal and purely private beneficence was very extensive.

And there was one phase of the kindness which has made this man's name known so widely here and abroad that is extremely significant. It is the evidence that he believed instinctively that kindness to those in his employ, when they were deserving, was an excellent investment for this world as well as for the next. That was to a notable degree the secret of his success. He got the very best from his associates and subordinates, because he first required and then requited the very best. He appealed to the sense of honor and fidelity, and he stimulated it by the manifestation of it in his own conduct. Closely akin to this combination of manly fairness and shrewd philosophy was his resolute insistence on having for what he offered to the public its full value. When he took the *Ledger*, paying for it a price that was clearly measured by the possibilities of the future rather than by the showing of the past, he doubled its price and advanced advertising rates. Then he proceeded to prove to the public that what he gave was worth what he asked for it, and he had his reward. It was a sound business principle, and it was very characteristic of the man.

THE PROTECTION OF LETTER-CARRIERS.

A BILL has been introduced in the House of Representatives providing that no letter-carrier shall be recommended for removal until after written charges have been made against him, publicly examined into, and reviewed. It is a sound bill, and ought to pass. It is proposed by the National Association of Letter-carriers, and the argument in its favor, submitted by its legislative committee, is lucid, candid, and convincing. The bill does not hamper the Postmaster-General; it simply provides that he shall have the facts before him when he makes a decision. He is not bound to accept any recommendation from either the first or second board of inquiry, and it is left to him to determine the mode of appointment of both these committees. But if this bill shall become law, no postmaster can secure the dismissal of carriers for personal or political reasons on charges that will not bear the light of day.

The principle underlying the bill has already been adopted in some conspicuous cases by the present Postmaster-General, who is a man of great fairness and of sound business judgment. But his policy does not bind his successors, and the principle is so clearly for the public good, so just in purpose and practical in its effect, that it should be embodied in law, and be thereby securely enforced until repealed, which it never would be. Nor is the bill for the benefit of the carriers alone; it would be an advantage to them, of course, in so far as they are capable and faithful, but no farther, and the public has a high and lasting interest in promoting efficiency and fidelity in this body of public servants, which more than any others have to do with our daily business.

It is enough to make any honorable American blush to reflect on the cowardly and mean conduct of partisan postmasters against which the letter-carriers seek protection. In different States, in large cities, and in small, postmasters have deliberately invented lying charges against carriers of the opposite party from their own, and on these recommended their removal. In most cases it is impossible for the department fairly to investigate these charges with the machinery at its command, and from considerations of discipline each officer is actually given control of the force under him until he is shown to be unfitted for such control. This results not only in injustice to the carriers, but in injury to the service, in demoralization of the postmasters, and, worst of all, in the degradation of politics. It is a part of the sordid and corrupting spoils system which has done so much to pollute and pervert our political life. The civil-service law does not fully meet the case, though its spirit and purpose are violated by such conduct. The proposed bill gives adequate means to carry out the spirit and purpose of the civil-service law, and, as we have said, it ought to pass.

FURTHER LIGHT ON ANIMAL TALK.

IN speaking not long ago of Professor GARNER'S success in learning the African monkey language we observed that if these animals had a vocabulary, no doubt others had, and intimated that we looked to see an outburst of research among the languages of the alleged dumb animals which would surprise the country. We do not seem to have predicted too much, for already we find in a trustworthy daily of this city a long and detailed account of the discoveries of Professor ASGER HAMERIK, of Baltimore, who is described as "the director at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and the composer of Norse symphonies." The professor, it seems, can talk with his chickens.

The article, as we said, is long, but we may glance at some of its more salient points in the interest of the new study. The professor, we are told, has long been a poultry-fancier, paying special attention to the breed of Cochin Chinas. For years he was sure that chickens had a language, but the difficulty was to learn it. Irreverent friends, knowing the professor's hobby, suggested that he secure a tin bill and get down on all-fours and pick gravel with his hens; but he of course paid no attention to such utterly unscientific advice as this.

But the professor did pay attention to the remarks of the chickens, with the result that he has learned much about their language, as well as a great deal about many chicken habits heretofore unnoticed. For instance, he has discovered that chickens are "the greatest gossips in the world," nothing, we suppose, so calling out the enthusiasm of a scratching party of old hens as a good lively scandal. Chickens never soliloquize, though they will sometimes sing when alone. They have all the senses of man acutely developed except that of smell. In colors they object to red and blue—especially red, as the professor discovered one day when a neighbor put up a red window-curtain, thereby precipitating a gallinaceous riot in his (the professor's) back yard, only quelled by the removal of the obnoxious shade.

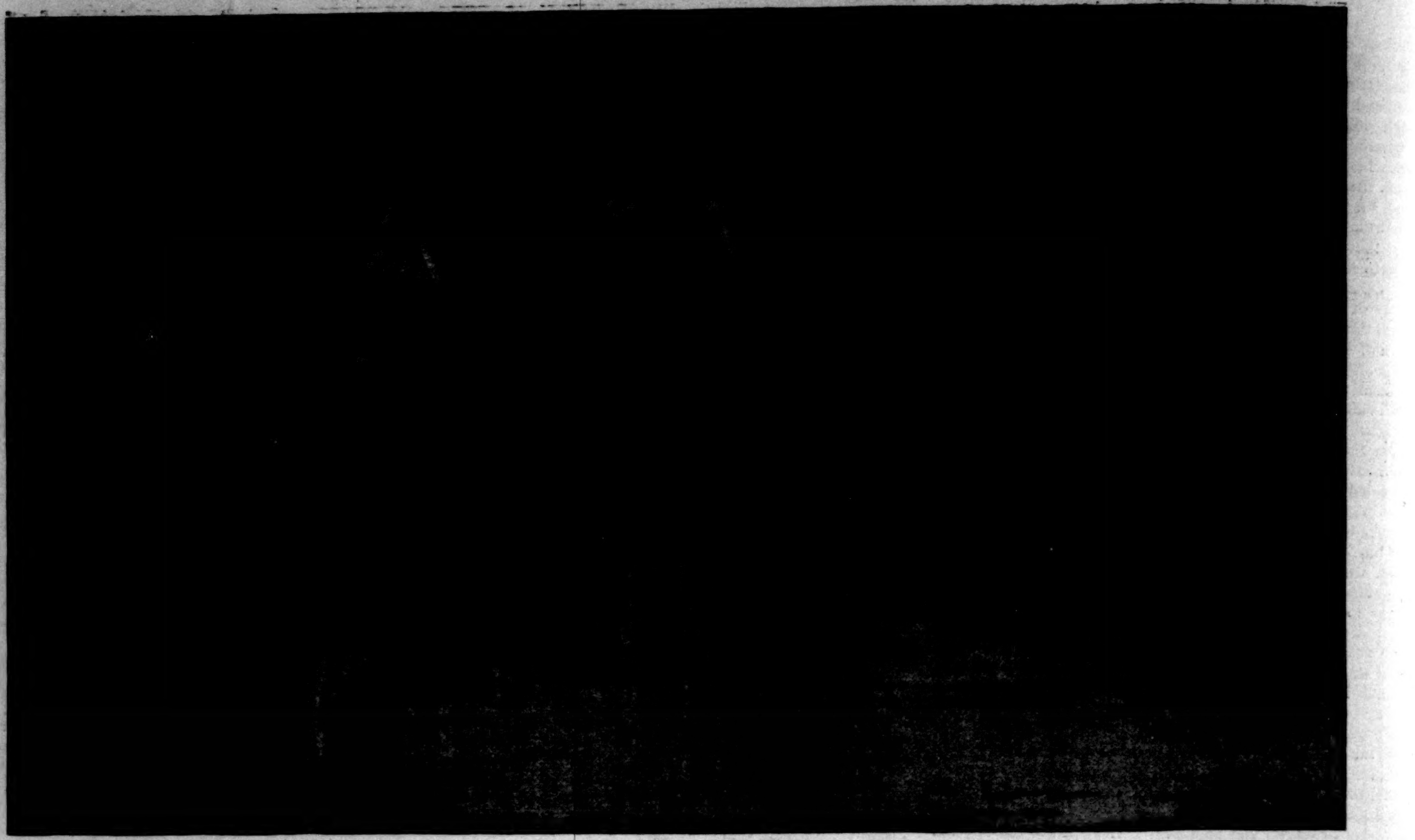
Professor HAMERIK also made some interesting experiments in teaching chickens to understand our language. He once had five Cochin China pullets, to which he gave the names, respectively, of Pete, Pet, Pat, Pit, and Pot. He soon discovered that they could not distinguish between the vowels i, a, and e short; but this need not be wondered at, since these often bother other foreigners as well as chickens. When the professor went out with corn in his pocket and called Pete, not only would this pullet respond, but all of the others as well, except Pot. Pete would come when he called Pit, Pat, or Pet, but not so with Pot. It was impossible to fool the sagacious Pot. She would stand about with a haughty air, and pay no attention whatever to him, till he called "Pot," when she would answer, "Aye, aye, sir!" and run up to him eagerly.

Nor has Professor HAMERIK neglected to study that "bird of dawning," the rooster, which crows, or, as SHAKESPEARE hath it, "singeth," at an early hour. He has yet to hear two roosters crow alike, and he has listened critically to over one hundred. One may crow "dum-didi-didi," another "dum-didi-didi-didi," while other chanticleers may still further vary it.

The professor will earn the gratitude of countless summer boarders if he will say to the roosters of this country, through the Domestic Chicken Associated Press or otherwise, that there is no reason why they should crow in the morning at all.

The article to which we are indebted for this information closes with the remark that Professor HAMERIK has "made so deep a study of chickens that he can imitate their movements and reproduce their voices." The movements of a hen when scratching in the garden consist of one violent fling to the rear with her left leg, followed instantly by three earnest backward shuffles with her right leg, and a critical examination of the ground with one eye. The movement is peculiar, but is no doubt susceptible of imitation by man if imbued with the proper scientific spirit. It will look odd on the lecture platform, whither, we suppose, it will eventually creep.

The last thing we would wish to do would be to discourage a new movement like this of animal-language learning, but we must say that so far the revelations made by the workers in the field have contained too much of mere assertion and too many glittering generalities. They should give us more samples of the language, and fewer irrelevant facts about the way monkeys hang by their tails, or how chickens regard the emancipation proclamation. Let us have the verbs. "Le verbe," observed somebody who apparently knew something about French, "il est la langue." This may be rather too sweeping, but the verb is certainly important. Let us have "I love, you love, he loves," in Cochin China and gorilla, and public confidence will grow.



VALENTINE'S DAY IN PURITAN NEW ENGLAND.—Drawn by Douglas Volk.

YOUNG LOVE IN OLD NEW ENGLAND.

It is one of the most precious blessings of humanity that distance in time, as in space, casts upon all remembered objects a tender haze, concealing ungainliness and heightening beauty, rounding and softening rough angularities, blending harsh contrasts into gentleness, tempering horror with sweet regret, and turning the dank waters of adversity into sparkling gold. All was not merriment even in "Merry England" in the days when men were children and the world was in its youth. The blithesome cavaliers who led fine ladies in the dance upon the village green, or frolicked under the moonlight through the round games which our children love, wore daggers on their hips, and coats of mail safe hidden under their velvet doublets. Strange contrasts they were of mirth and moodiness, of thoughtless gayety and savage gloom, of romantic imagination and bloody passionateness. But for us they are always young and fair—"they fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world"—and we gaze upon all their lighter pastimes through the softening mists of poetry. Their pleasures were often childish, and we leave them to our children. We are better men and women, as we think, and certainly wiser and happier; but we contemplate their merrier hours with something of the placid regret with which maturity looks back upon a careless youth.

For neither nature nor man has contributed largely to romance in our own country. The traditions of St. Valentine's day, for example, which the calendar recalls are all exotic. This is not a time of the mating of birds in stormy New England. They are all far away. Nor was the temper of the men who reared there the structure of the republic altogether in sympathy with these tender emotions. There was much calm deep domestic joy among them, we know, and more beautiful letters have never been written than those received by Governor Winslow from his gentle and loving wife.

They were honest husbands and wives, and faithful if somewhat over-austere parents. But love, as a sentiment, found but an uncertain lodgement in their bosoms. Marriage was primarily a duty with them; lovers they were, but oftener after marriage than before; and the practical benefits of marriage in a primitive country and upon an unyielding soil were ordinarily a far greater impelling force than was the inclination.

Marriage with them was not a sacrament, but a life-partnership for certain definite ends; it was not made in heaven, nor for a long time was God's minister here allowed to place upon it the sanction of the church.

What room could there have been, then, in sombre and prosaic Puritan New England for the sportive play and imaginings of St. Valentine's messengers? No youth dared address a maid in love without the formal consent of her guardians, upon penalty of the stocks, the jail, or the whipping-post. No maid might forestall that privilege without peril to her fame. Those were trying days for the sly rogue Dan Cupid.

And yet we may be quite sure that not even the Puritan's frown could always blast the tender bud of youthful fancy, nor the direst terrors of the law daunt its spirit. Cases there were, as we well know, where a gentle maiden suddenly waxed so strong in love as to defy parental, clerical, and legal authority alike, and other cases where the dove drew in at a breath the wisdom of the serpent, and achieved by guile what might could not accomplish. So true is it that love will always find a way, and that the heart of youth will expand even under the most chilling frost, and dream its dream of idyllic peace and beauty and never-ending gladness. But happy indeed was the maid who could receive openly and before the world the tender missive of love upon St. Valentine's morn. She could expect but one, nor could it possess the charm of mystery for her. But wherever the rudely scrawled outlines of the arrow-pierced hearts thus found their destination, they bore the deep joy of love full-satisfied.

Charles Martyn Prynne.

AN EMINENT LAWYER.

"David Dudley Field has done more for the reform of laws than any other man living."

So spoke an eminent Chancellor of England when referring to the grand old lawyer, who this week enters upon the ninetieth year of his life.

Mr. Field is older than either Gladstone, Bismarck, or Leo XIII., and nearly as old as Kossuth. Abraham Lincoln was yet unborn when Field was a youth. The Constitution of the United States was still on trial, and had not even been adopted by all the States.

David Dudley Field began his life amidst plain surroundings, but in an intensely American atmosphere. He was born in Haddam, Connecticut, on February 13, 1805. He was the eldest of seven sons and two daughters. His father was a minister of the gospel, and had $500 a year salary. Out of this he reared his family, and gave three of his sons a college education.

When sixteen years of age young Field was ready for college. He entered Williams in 1821, and began the study of law. In 1828 he was admitted to the bar and removed to New York, where he began the practice of his profession and his active public life.

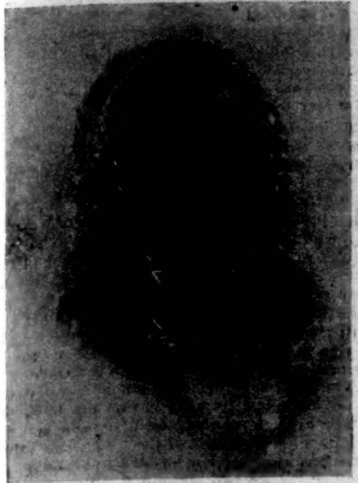
To say that Mr. Field's life has been a remarkable one feebly expresses it. As a young lawyer he had to struggle with such giants as Webster, Choate, and O'Connor. In politics he knew and associated with Clay, Calhoun, Van Buren, and Polk, just as a generation later he was the friend and adviser of Lincoln, of Johnson, of Greeley, and of Samuel J. Tilden. In literature, Bryant, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, and Bancroft were his friends.

It is of few families that the same can be written that may be of the Field family. David Dudley Field has been a jurist with no superior at the American bar. Cyrus W. Field was the projector of the Atlantic cable and a great financier. Stephen J. Field is a judge on the Supreme Bench, and his nephew, Judge Brewer, sits upon the same bench with him. The remaining brother, Henry M. Field, is a leading clergyman and the editor of the *Evangelist*.

But it is as a lawyer that David Dudley Field will be remembered. It is given to few men to spend sixty years of active life at the bar, and still fewer, indeed, would there be of that small number who could devote fifty years to the codification of our laws, a task, when completed, which brought him much undeserved obloquy on account of some of the provisions of what is called the penal code. Mr. Field's first essay on codification was written in 1839. He addressed a "Letter on the Reform of the Judiciary System" to the people, and afterward spoke to a committee of the New York Legislature on the subject. In 1841 he prepared three bills, which were introduced, but the Judiciary Committee, to whom they were referred, failed to take any action on them. In 1846 he wrote a series of articles on "The Reorganization of the Judiciary," which were widely distributed in pamphlet form. His influence was felt in the Constitutional Convention of 1846, which determined to call for a general code and the "Reform of Practice." Before the Legislature met in January, 1847, he published "What shall be done with the Practice of the Courts? Shall it be wholly reformed? Questions addressed to Lawyers." In September, 1847, he was appointed commissioner on practice and pleadings, and as such took part in the preparation of the code of procedure. The commission reported the first instalment to the Legislature in February, and it was enacted in April, 1848. The remainder was reported in four sections at different times until January, 1850, when the completed "Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure" were submitted to the Legislature. Both these codes have been enacted into law. The radical design of the new system of civil procedure was to obliterate the distinction between the forms of action and between legal and equitable suits, so that all the rights of the parties in relation to the subjects of litigation can be determined in one action, instead of dividing them between different suits.

This system has been adopted in twenty-four States and Territories, and is the basis of the legal reform established by the new judicature act in England, and of the practice in several of the English colonies, including India. Eighteen of the States and Territories have adopted his code of criminal procedure. For some years following the enactment of these laws he continued to publish numerous pamphlets, including the "Law-Reform Tracts," also frequent articles in the journals, and drafted bills that were introduced into the Legislature for the purpose of effecting the completion of codification. In 1857 Mr. Field was appointed by the State of New York head of a commission to prepare a political code and a civil code. These, with the two codes of procedure previously made, were designed to supersede the unwritten or common law. They were completed in 1865, and covered the entire province of American law, and presented to the people in compact form the whole law by which they were governed. The State of New York has as yet adopted only the penal code, although other States have drawn largely from the civil code in their legislation, and California and Dakota have adopted them in full. In 1866 he brought before the British Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at its meeting in Manchester, England, a proposal for a general revision and reform of the law of nations, similar to that which he had before undertaken of the civil and criminal law. He procured the appointment of a committee, consisting of eminent jurists of different countries, charged with preparing and reporting to the association the outlines of an international code, to be first submitted to their careful revision and amendment, and, when made as complete as possible, to be presented to the attention of the different governments, in the hope of receiving at some time their approval and adoption as the recognized law of nations. The distinguished jurists composing this committee resided in different countries, and hence it was difficult for them to act in concert. In consequence, Mr. Field took the whole matter upon himself, and in 1873, after the lapse of seven years, presented to the Social Science Congress his "Outlines of an International Code," which attracted the attention of all the jurists, and has been translated into French, Italian, and Chinese. It resulted in the formation of an association for the reform and codification of the law of nations, having for an especial object the substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of disputes between countries. The membership includes jurists, economists, legislators, and politicians; and of this organization Mr. Field was elected first president.

To those who have the pleasure of Mr. Field's acquaintance he is a most agreeable companion. His ninety years sit lightly upon his broad shoulders. He is tall, stoops slightly, has a bald head, high forehead, gray hair and mustache, soft blue eyes, and the manner of a retired army general. In his young days his form was as straight as that of an Indian. He was graceful and well proportioned, and dressed in the height of fashion. A brilliant conversationalist, he was in demand at all social gatherings. As a lawyer, Mr. Field compelled success by learning and irrefutable logic. He had few graces of oratory. He was an easy, deliberate speaker, who dealt in a cold hard way with cold hard facts. The judges whom he addressed always respected him, for they were aware that he knew more of the law than many men who sat in high places upon the bench. Yet in his



MR. FIELD'S MOTHER.

MR. FIELD AND THREE OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

MR. FIELD'S FATHER.

practice he frequently showed that his intelligence was as adroit as his logic was inflexible. It was a splendid tribute to his abilities that he was often selected to lead in cases that seemed to be forlorn hopes.

Mr. Field's work for Tilden in the Electoral Commission was one of his great achievements. It was his advice that was constantly sought, and while Tilden was the master-mind, he deferred willingly to Field, whom he trusted implicitly and whose abilities he never questioned.

With the exception of his daughter Jeannie L. Field, now Lady Anthony Musgrave, whom Mr. Field is now visiting in England, and his two brothers, he is without immediate relatives. Mr. Field was married three times.

Mr. Field's home in New York is at No. 22 Gramercy Park. In this house Mr. Field has a law library that is more valuable in all probability than any other private collection in existence.

When last I saw Mr. Field I asked him who impressed him as the greatest man of his time. He at once replied, "Lincoln." Then he went on: "Lincoln was the most-sided man I think I ever met. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others were great men in their way, but Lincoln was great in a multitude of ways. There seemed hidden springs of greatness in this man that would spring forth in the most unexpected way, and even the men about him were at a loss to account for the order of the man's genius."

Mr. Field smiled when Horace Greeley's name was mentioned. "He was a very great man in some ways," said Mr. Field, "and a very weak one in others. He was almost as many-sided as Lincoln himself, and was a wonderful combination of goodness and weakness. He was my friend for many years, and my co-worker in helping to nominate Lincoln, but his own nomination in 1872 struck me as the grotesque ending of a movement that promised much. As President, he would have been used by selfish men for their own ends."

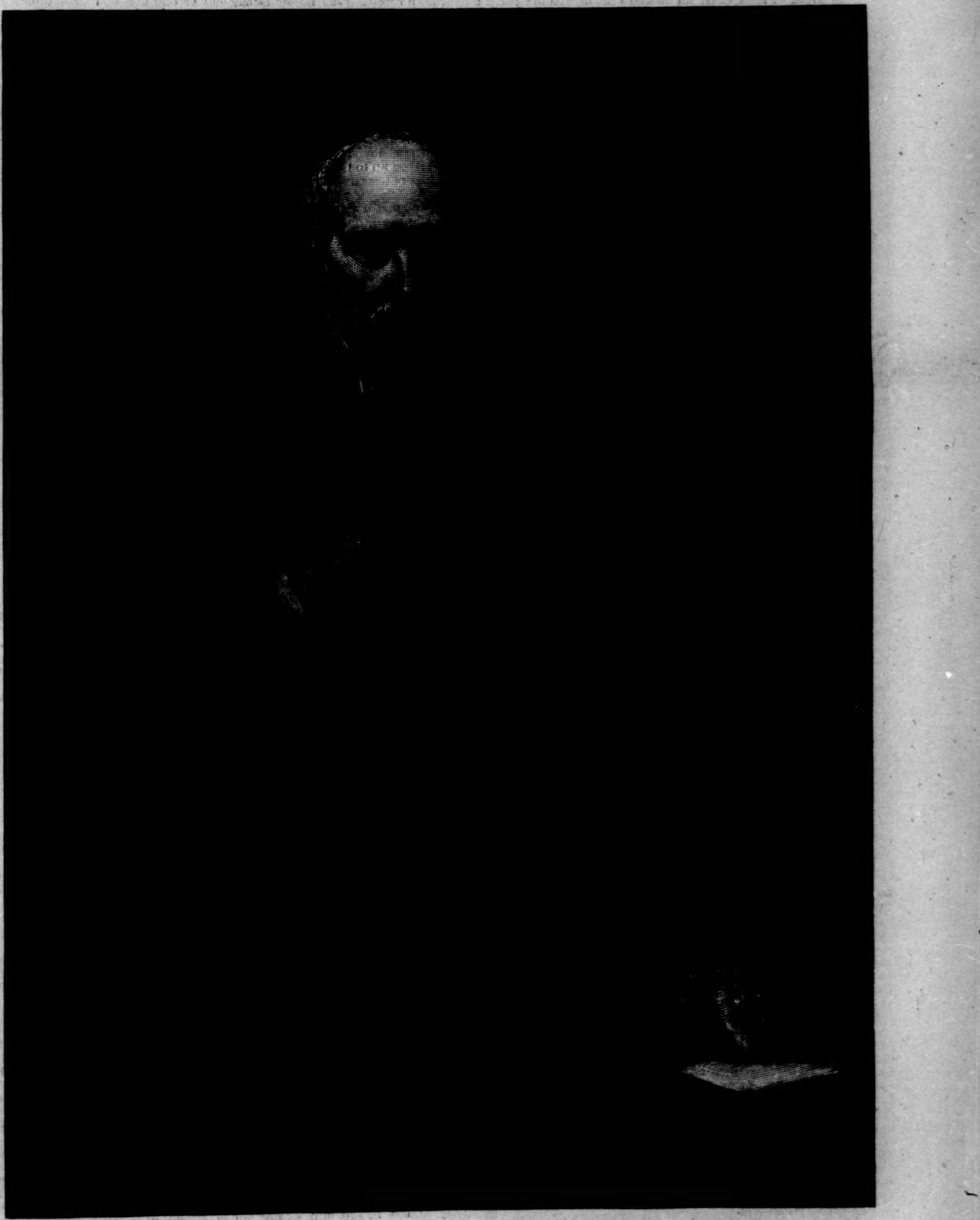
Here Mr. Field took up General Grant. "I knew Mr. Grant well," he said, "though not over-intimately. For Grant the soldier I had the highest admiration, and watched his career with appreciative interest. He was a great general, but I always held that he was unsuited for the office of President, since his education and training were not such as to fit him for the office under the trying conditions that then existed. It afterwards transpired that I was in the main right."

"Samuel J. Tilden," Mr. Field went on, "was my friend and neighbor for many years, and I have always believed that Mr. Tilden and the people of this country were wronged by the decision of the Electoral Commission. Personally I held close and friendly relations with Mr. Tilden. His was one of the keenest analytical minds I have ever known, and his capacity for politics as well as real statesmanship was remarkable."

I asked Mr. Field to what he attributed his remarkably good health in his advanced years.

"First, a good constitution, and second, hard work," was the quick reply. "Hard work, my young friend, never killed any one. Idleness has slain its thousands. Then, again, exercise has helped me. I have never allowed a day of my life to pass—hot, cold, wet, or dry—without walking several miles in the open air. Cabs and street cars I cannot abide. As for eating and drinking, I follow no especial rule. I take what I like and let the rest alone. I find that policy to agree with me."

FOSTER COATES.



DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT GORDON HARDIE IN THE HALL OF THE COURT OF APPEALS, CAPITOL, ALBANY.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

THE needs of the country are the opportunities of the Republican party. The greater the need the greater the opportunity. In order, however, to understand the opportunity of the Republicans at the present moment, and what it offers and demands, it is necessary to define the situation which has created it, and to trace the causes which have led to its existence.

Whenever the country has wanted something done it has turned to the Republican party or its predecessors to do it. We are apt to think of the Republican party as beginning less than forty years ago, but this is merely because names are misleading. The Democrats have kept their name practically from the foundation of government, while the Republican party has changed its name three times. Yet, despite this change of name, the party as such is fundamentally the same as it was when Hamilton and Jefferson first differed, and when party divisions began. The Republicans are the successors of the Federalists and the Whigs, and the party which at different times has borne these three names has been in its general make-up, and in its essential characteristics and qualities, the same party. At the outset the country, disordered and breaking under the imbecility of the old confederation, needed, if it was to have any existence worth having, a vigorous national government, and the organization of such a government in all its branches had become imperative. The people committed this task to the Federalists, who held power for twelve years, and accomplished the mighty work of founding a nation under the lead of Washington and Hamilton and Adams. Like all parties of construction and progress, the Federalists made the mistake of going too fast, and perhaps too far. They were a little ahead of their time; the reaction set in, and the party of inaction came into power. At the end of twenty years, however, public opinion had caught up with the policies of the first two administrations, and all that the Federalists had contended for in the organization of the government, like an army, a navy, a vigorous foreign policy, a system of banking and currency, were not only established, but were accepted by the Democrats, who had come into existence as a party because at the start they had opposed these very things.

Then came a lull, while parties formed again on new issues. These new issues were of an economic character. They turned upon such questions as internal improvements, the industrial independence and development of the country, on financial matters, and upon the subsidiary questions to which these larger ones gave rise. These economic issues did not go to the great depths which were stirred by the creation of the government, and by its salvation at a later period. The result, therefore, was a close balancing of parties, and a repeated shifting of power between the Democrats on the one hand and the Whigs, who had taken the place of the Federalists, on the other. Behind these economic issues, however, another question was arising of a moral character, which was destined to stir the nation to its depths, and shake the very foundations of the government. This question was slavery. As then organized the Democrats sustained slavery and the State rights with which it was bound up, while the Whigs shrank from the discussion. Such a condition could not last. Still less could such a question be evaded. In process of time the country demanded a party which should stand for resistance to slavery, and for the maintenance of the Union as against the States. Again the hour had come when the country wanted something, and that a great thing, done. It wished, as a first step, to stop the extension of slavery, and the Republican party rose up to do the work, absorbing the Whigs, and taking the place which had been held by the latter and by the Federalists.

The need of the country was great, and the opportunity answered to it. The Republicans grasped the opportunity, saved the Union and abolished slavery. In exact proportion to the magnitude of the issue and the fierceness of the struggle was the tenure of power which waited upon success. For twenty-four years the victorious Republicans controlled the national government. During Mr. Cleveland's first term they still retained the Senate. They came back to full power in 1888, and in 1892 they again went out of power, for the first time in thirty-two years losing control of every branch of the government.

Many causes contributed to this defeat, but none so much as the simple fact that the Republicans had been in power for over thirty years. The very fact that they had carried a great civil war to a victorious conclusion, while it confirmed them in power, had results from which they were bound to suffer. Such a terrific struggle as that which went on from 1861 to 1865 shook not only the government, but business and society to their very foundations. All ordinary rules and habits of life and thought were pushed aside in the one absorbing and consuming desire of the people to preserve their national existence. A convulsion so great could not fail to be demoralizing, and the political demoralization of the time came upon the ruling party. Nowhere else could it find expression, and all the evils to which it gave rise were charged, justly or unjustly, to the party in power, who bore the burden and suffered accordingly. That long period of success gave time too for the upgrowth of an entire generation who had never known Democratic supremacy or what it meant. It also produced all sorts of schisms in the ranks of the dominant party, for upon the party in control every dissatisfaction is always vented. Republicans who regarded the question of temperance, when the issues of the war were once settled, as more important than anything else broke away and became Prohibitionists. Persons to whom matters of administration and a reformed civil service appeared of the highest moment levelled all their criticisms as a matter of course against the party in power, holding the party of opposition quite blameless in this respect, merely because the minority party had no offices to give and no administration to conduct. People who were dissatisfied with the national currency held the ruling party responsible for any business misfortunes which overtook them, and broke away from the Republicans in the short-lived greenback movement, and still later in that of the Populists. In addition to all these schisms the natural desire of humanity for a change, and the equally natural feeling which once banished Aristides, told against the party which had held power so long. In a word, the forces of reaction which had been gathering for thirty years had ripened to a point where they could no longer be withstood.

As is usually the case, these forces centred largely on a single question. It is true that the Republicans were held responsible for everything, and often in the most contradictory manner. They were assailed for extravagance in pensions, although the Democrats in 1890 voted for a service pension in opposition to the limited bill which the Republicans actually passed. In the West the Republicans were assailed on the ground that they had not done enough for silver, and in the East because they had done too much. Nevertheless, it is true that after making every allowance for the effect of these side issues, which was by no means slight, the central point of attack was the tariff. The great mass of voters had never known anything but the protective system, and although they had abundance of argument in its behalf, they had never received the teaching of that hardest but most convincing of teachers—experience. They listened more and more readily to the denunciation of protection, and by a skilful appeal to prejudice the Democrats succeeded in making many voters believe that the tariff was solely for the benefit of the employer, but did no good to the employed, and that the manufacturer reaped all the profits of protection, while the workman received no benefit from it. With tireless iteration the Democrats also proclaimed that the tariff made a few people richer. So far as their reform has gone it has succeeded very thoroughly in making all people poorer, which is hardly an improvement on the former state, even if it was just as the fervid Democratic orators described it. Nevertheless, this false cry made many votes, and that was all the criers wanted at the time. They were not concerned about the sequel to their little work of fiction which we are now enjoying.

Under these conditions, then, the Republicans were driven from power in 1892, and the Democrats were put in control of every branch of the government. Thanks to this result, the people of the United States since the 4th of March, 1893, have been receiving the bitter instructions of that best and severest of teachers—experience—to which allusion has already been made. They have been learning many things painfully and rapidly. Those voters who had never known Democratic supremacy are now becoming well acquainted with it. They are finding out what tariff reform means when interpreted by a Democratic House. They are discovering the full beauties of Democratic financial management, and they have opportunity to note the differences between Democratic civil service reform in campaign speeches and Democratic civil service reform in action. The elections of 1893 indicated that the impression of Democratic performance up to that time upon the mind of the average voter had not been wholly favorable. Many men had then for the first time the opportunity to make comparisons, and to find out that it was quite possible that even if the Republicans had made mistakes, they might still be in this comparative world better and safer than their opponents. The comparisons, like the impression, do not seem to have been favorable to the Democrats.

Let us now look briefly at the situation as it stands to-day; for the situation is what makes the Republican opportunity, and Republican opportunities can arise either from deep-rooted social conditions, as in the antislavery struggle, or from the blunders and incapacity of their opponents, as is the case to-day. To outline the situation, therefore, is necessary, if we would arrive at any conclusion as to what the country needs or what the Republican party ought to do.

When it became known that the Democrats had secured the Senate and were in full possession of the government, the public mind was chilled. The change, which looked so roseate before election, seemed more serious and less entrancing after it had been actually accomplished. Men began to doubt the future, and business began to hesitate. This state of public sentiment was keenly felt by the Democratic leaders and by the newspapers devoted to their fortunes. They wished to dispel the idea that this general anxiety had anything to do with their return to power, and they therefore set about proclaiming, in season and out of season, with loud cries and much lamentation, that the doubt and uncertainty which existed were due solely to the dangers to be apprehended from the purchasing clauses of the Sherman act. If this clamor had merely diverted attention from the fact of Democratic supremacy, no harm would have been done. But scapegoats are uncertain creatures, and even when their burdens have been duly bound upon their backs, they do not always flee as expected to the mountains and the rocks. So it happened in this case. The outcry about the Sherman act did much more than turn attention from Democratic supremacy. It produced a condition of extreme nervousness and anxiety in the business world, and with the business world in this dangerously sensitive condition Mr. Cleveland came into power. He and his newspapers had succeeded in convincing the public that we were in extreme financial peril, because the purchasing clauses of the Sherman act threatened to drive gold out of the country, and put us at once upon a silver standard. Having stimulated this feeling to the highest point of tension, it was the duty of the Democratic administration, upon their own theory of the case, to meet the difficulty at once. There were two ways, and only two ways, of doing this. Mr. Cleveland could have called Congress together and begun at once the fight for repeal, which would have removed the danger of the disappearance of gold by stopping the purchase of silver, and this, although unpleasant, was the wisest course to be pursued. The other method was to issue bonds, or announce a readiness to issue them to any amount, and thus prevent the disappearance of gold by adding to the supply of that metal. Mr. Cleveland did neither. It was given out as the opinion of the administration that they had no power to issue bonds, and the President refused to call Congress. Thus the country, keenly alarmed and excited about the operations of the Sherman act, was allowed to drift helplessly and trust to the chapter of accidents. It was understood at the time that Mr. Cleveland thought and said that this course would furnish a good object-lesson. Whether he said so or not, there can be no question that an object-lesson was furnished. In the existing condition of public opinion very little was needed to bring the catastrophe. Mr. Carlisle's April interview, in which he intimated that he might pay Treasury notes in silver, proved all-sufficient. There was a panic in Wall Street, and the country plunged forward from one disaster to another, until business was prostrated, and with more money in the country than ever before, we presently had all the miseries of a currency famine. Congress, under the irresistible pressure of public demand, was at last called together on the 7th of August. After a bitter struggle of three months, the administration, with a majority of its own party against it, and only by the aid of Republicans, succeeded in repealing the purchasing clauses. The much-vaunted and unquestionably sound measure, from which so much had been hoped, brought no relief. It was too late, for one thing, but the controlling reason was that, however wise the repeal as a matter of finance, it did not cure the underlying evil, which the uproar about silver had pushed out of sight.

The fact was that the country had been alarmed at the beginning by fear of what the Democrats might do. The cause of this fear remained not only undiminished, but was much increased by the incompetency displayed by the ruling party in dealing with repeal. That fear was now still further quickened by the fact that the Democrats still proposed, with business prostrate, to go on with their work of destroying the protective tariff. After the storm which had swept over the country during the summer, the only chance for revival was in a period of rest, and instead of rest the Democrats entered on a policy of industrial revolution. They had proposed in their platform to overthrow protection and take up free trade. They had solemnly pledged themselves to go back half a century and adopt a tariff system which was founded upon an economic principle that the whole world has been abandoning ever since in every direction. They called it "reform"; it was really reaction. It was not advance, but retreat; it was not new, but old. Free trade, which England accepted fifty years ago, was the expression in tariff legislation of the "let alone" doctrine, which all mankind in practice has been discarding and refusing ever since. They had announced to the country that they intended to force upon the United States this outworn policy, born of a broken-down theory, without any regard to the later facts and teachings of history or to existing conditions. Yet, despite their brave words, they were afraid of themselves when they really got to work, and the result has been the Wilson bill. That measure is not free trade and is not protection. It embodies no theory, and is guiltless of system or principle. It is not a tariff for revenue, but a tariff for deficit. It does not dare to raise money on free-trade principles by placing duties on tea and coffee and sugar, but resorts to the last expedient of war-times—direct taxes. It is thoroughly vicious in construction, utterly unscientific, and carries inequality and injustice in every line. It offers no hope of rest, for no such statute could stand.

The administration which doubted its power in law to maintain the gold reserves last March is now issuing bonds to pay current expenditures from that very reserve, which it is alone authorized by law to maintain. The refusal of a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate to give the Treasury proper authority to issue bonds, such as the Republicans offered to join in giving when silver repeal passed, has forced the Secretary to issue bonds under a doubtful power in the law of 1875. But this is not all. Hardly has the Secretary of the Treasury announced this issue of bonds, and while he is actually receiving bids for them, a committee of the House, controlled by his own party, reports a resolution declaring his action unlawful, thereby tainting the security of the bonds. Any credit less strong than that of the United States would be shaken by such action; and what can be expected in the way of intelligent government from a party so incoherent and so divided against itself as this performance shows them to be? Afraid to repeal the pension legislation, which they have denounced, they have stricken pensioners from the roll, and then instituted inquiries as to the justice of their action. The departments of the Treasury and the Interior furnish countless examples of the manner in which they maintain the principles of civil service reform. Even the classified service has not been safe, and removals, reductions, and promotions show not only political but sectional and race discrimination. The most conspicuous fact about the party in power, however, is the bitter division which they exhibit on almost every subject. But in simple justice it must be said that there is one question on which they are cordially united. They are all in favor of destroying every safeguard of national elections, and this, too, in the face of the frauds of McKane, who is even now before the courts. They are determined to sweep away every vestige of national authority in protecting the ballot. This is a reform on which there are no Democratic differences of opinion.

Our foreign policy at present can be summed up in the word "Hawaii." In justice to the Democratic party let it be said that, so far as our history teaches us, the Sandwich Island performance is neither Democratic nor Republican. Still less is it American; it is purely personal. It has also been a failure, and our good name has been dragged in the dust without even the poor reward of a success more disgraceful than defeat. The crusade preached by the administration in behalf of a savage queen has humiliated the United States, and has had absolutely no other result.

Such in brief is the political situation. It is not pleasing from any point of view, and it is causing untold suffering. It cannot, however, be said with equal truth that we were entitled to expect anything else from the change of party control made by the election of 1892. But few words are needed to show that while we may be angry or indignant or unhappy about the present situation of the country, we have no good reason to be surprised.

It is too often forgotten that the composition of parties is quite as important as their principles. The main strength of the Democratic party is in the South, and in the lower wards of our great Northern cities. Out of that combination we may get reaction, but we cannot get sound legislation and good administration, even if the compound is sugar-coated with a small number of very estimable and well-educated people in the North, who feel that they have a monopoly of the virtue and intelligence of the country. On the other hand, the Republican party is made up of what Mr. Lincoln aptly called the plain people of the United States. They are the men and women who till the farms and run the mills and keep the shops, open the mines and clear the forests, and whose works are seen through all the great States of the North and West. Out of this party, whatever its shortcomings—and all things human are very fallible—you can get constructive legislation and progress, even if you cannot attain to the perfection which seems so simple to some persons who have led a life of repose and criticism. To this party so made up the needs of the country, brought about not by any act of Providence, but by the blundering of men intrusted with political power, open an opportunity of great difficulty, but of renewed usefulness. The opportunity of the Republican party, if it is returned to power, will be not to enforce any particular set of tariff schedules, but to maintain a reasonable and complete protective system, which shall guard our labor and the wages of our working-men against undue competition by duties equalizing the differences in labor costs, and to supplement this system by proper restriction of immigration. They

will also have opportunity to settle our currency and banking system on a sound and enduring basis, and to seek to bring about by international agreement the proper use in the currency of the world of both precious metals, when what an English writer calls "the policy of despair" in India shall have brought England to her senses on the silver question. They will have opportunity to maintain and extend the reform of the civil service, and to give to the country once more a foreign policy which shall be both dignified and American. Above all, the return of the Republican party to power would mean a time of rest to the business world, so that we could again gather our strength and revive our industries, untroubled by the threat of disastrous and experimental legislation framed in accordance with bygone theories. When the great soldier led the Republican party to victory in 1868, the watchword that he gave to the country was, "Let us have peace." In this time of misfortune and poverty, of financial depression and business wreck, the watchword of the Republican party should be, "Let us have rest." Let us have the rest which will come from leaving the protective system undisturbed, from a sound currency, a strong foreign policy, an honest ballot, and wise and pure administration. It is a great opportunity, and, like most great political opportunities in our history, it is the opportunity of the Republican party.

AN ANTI-SNAPPER'S VIEW.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In your issue of February 3d, you published an article entitled "The Failure of the Democratic Party." It is true that the party has accomplished next to nothing during the twenty years in which it has been returning to power, and that its promises and the purposes of those whose alliance has given it its victories have been brought to naught by reason of the ascendency of men whose courage and virtue have been destroyed by long efforts to beat the Republicans at their own games, by the corruption of politics and politicians in New York, and by various other causes. The spirit of the new Democratic party is too strong and too modern for the wracked body. The tottering Senators who are carrying on a senile flirtation with the Populists, and the plotting heads that sport with a Supreme Court justiceship as if it were a seat on the Tombs bench, are not the leaders for the party of Charles S. Fairchild, George Gray, William R. Morrison, William E. Russell, Roger Q. Mills, John Quincy Adams, William L. Wilson, John G. Carlisle, President Eliot, Wheeler H. Peckham, and the young and hopeful tariff-reformers of the East, the Northwest, and the South. The old machine is rusty and creaking. Its crank is in the hands of fantastic folly and degrading corruption. It cannot be reformed; it must be smashed. It has not a patent right to the name Democrat. Even under the ballot law of New York that designation can be taken from it. The best Democrats are for revenue reform, for sound money, for civil service reform, for local self-government, for the maintenance of the liberty and independence of the individual. And of this Democracy Gorman, Croker, Pugh, Hill, Morgan, Brice, and Murphy know nothing.

I do not write this letter to you, however, simply for the purpose of expressing my concurrence in what you have already published. I write to say that the task of making the leadership of the Democratic party worthy of its principles and its allies might now be nearer accomplishment if Grover Cleveland had understood his duty, and had taken advantage of his opportunity. It is because Mr. Cleveland declined to regard himself as the leader of a cause, and to lend what might have been his powerful and effective assistance to those who were ready to bear the brunt of the fighting, that the Democratic party is to-day in so deplorable a condition.

Mr. Cleveland was nominated at Chicago by the anti-snapper movement. Before Mr. Fairchild and his associates effected their organization there was no possibility of Mr. Cleveland's nomination. The State of New York had chosen a delegation pledged to Hill. It is true that Hill himself was never a formidable rival, but his snap convention seemed to Democrats outside of New York to make Mr. Cleveland's nomination impossible. The Syracuse convention and its enrolment gave to the Democrats of the other States the assurance that New York could be carried for Cleveland in spite of Hill, and of the angry protests of his friends. William C. Whitney claims the honor of nominating Mr. Cleveland. He is entitled to no credit whatever. His work was done for him by the patriotic Democrats whom he pretended at first to countenance, but from whom he ran away when it was thought, to use the vernacular of the contest, that Cleveland and Hill would "kill off one another," leaving behind a sneering fling to be printed in the newspapers after he had escaped to sea. If it had not been for Fairchild, Whitney could have found no excuse to go to Chicago. But he went, and the first injustice done by Cleveland's intimates to Cleveland's real friends was Whitney's claim to the credit of making the nomination, and Whitney's silence when the newspapers were publishing the untruth that he had "turned down" the man who had been a fellow-member of his in Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet. One other man might have prevented Mr. Cleveland's nomination and secured his own. The Illinois delegation insisted on nominating Mr. Morrison. The Hill delegates from New York were inclined to support the effort. Even Mr. Carlisle on the eve of the convention urged Morrison to accept. He was the one man who could have beaten Mr. Cleveland, but he honorably and almost angrily refused to permit his name to be used, because the Illinois delegation had been elected as a Cleveland delegation, in a contest between Palmer and Morrison, in which the latter won.

During the campaign the New York men who had made Cleveland's nomination possible remained silent. They took hardly any part in the campaign. The machines, State and local, were in the hands of their opponents, who were interested in making anti-snappers appear to be of little political importance. The anti-snappers, however, were willing to obliterate themselves for the time in order that the party might succeed. It must be borne in mind that the leaders of this movement did not enter upon the contest for the control of the convention because they were Cleveland men. They were not hero-worshippers. They recognized Mr. Cleveland's faults as well as his strength. They were Democrats of the kind you describe as giving the party whatever strength it has. They desired to advance Democratic principles, and to wrest the leadership from unworthy men. To these ends they regarded Mr. Cleveland as the fittest instrument. They knew that he might be the leader of the cause they believed in, and which they fondly thought he represented. They remained silent through the campaign because they knew that the machine in New York was treacherous, and that their activity would excite it to further effort to defeat the ticket. Mr. Cleveland did nothing to bring them into the campaign. He grumbled because his friends were not consulted, and because he was thus deprived of the aid of the most intelligent men of the Democratic party in this State. But he agreed that silence was best, and his friends have no cause of complaint against him for that. They did not believe the Tammany version of the Victoria Hotel dinner, and they do not now.

When the campaign was over, however, a change was expected. Mr. Cleveland was elected by an enormous majority. It was proved beyond a doubt that the machine had been treacherous. Although Mr. Harrity was the nominal head of the National Committee, the campaign had been conducted in accordance with Mr. Whitney's notions. That "superb" master of political stratagem ran a course through the summer of 1892 that ought to have convinced his most ardent admirer that he is not all that perfervid fancy has painted him. The most popular thing that Mr. Cleveland did during the campaign was to refuse to go to the opening of the World's Fair while Mrs. Harrison lay ill and the President could not go. He did this against Whitney's advice. The National Committee poured contributions into the coffers of the State Committee, and Whitney found when it was too late that money intended to help Mr. Cleveland's election had been expended to elect legislators pledged to vote for Edward Murphy, Jun., as United States Senator. This is the astute politician of the administration—the man who wears the decorations stolen from Fairchild, the simple child in the hands of "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan.

The time was ripe for organization in December, 1892, and in January, 1893. Mr. Cleveland was President for the last time. So far as the people could win it, the contest for tariff reform had been won. He at least could do nothing further in that direction. He had the silver problem to settle, but in the months of which I speak its gravity and immediate importance had not been revealed. What talk there was of an extraordinary session of Congress was due to the desirability of getting the Ways and Means Committee organized as soon as possible for work on a tariff bill. Mr. Cleveland was not only President, but he was the head of the Democratic party. He really believed in its principles, and that their triumph was essential to the welfare of the country. He knew that under the lead of the Hills, the Murphys, the Sheehans, and the Crokers these essential principles not only could not win a lasting triumph, but were liable to defeat; that the Democratic machine of New York was a more dangerous enemy of true Democracy than the Republican party.

He should have taken the leadership of his party. Those who fought for his nomination and won confidently believe that if he had he might have revolutionized the organization of his party, and made it truly representative of its promises and of the principles which had triumphed in his election. But he did nothing of the sort. He told Murphy and Croker that the selection of the former without consulting him was an outrage. He knew, for he was consulted and advised with, that the men who had made the anti-snapper movement a success were ready to make a contest against Murphy. He was urged to take the lead and to make an issue, not in his own behalf, but for his principles. Some of the men to whom he owed most pointed out his duty to him. It is fair to him to say that at first he was inclined to heed their counsels. He more than half promised to drive the crew of bosses out of politics. But here once more the malign influence of Whitney came in, and this time he was seconded by Secretary Lamont. There was a time when Murphy might have been defeated. Mr. Cleveland asked Whitney to make a contest for the seat. He was told plainly that the anti-snappers preferred Murphy, the man who was frankly bad, to the man who wore a mask; the man who fought in the open, to the man who drove the knife between his brother's ribs from behind. Whitney declined the honor and the labor, although I am told, on authority whose right to speak would not be questioned by any one, that even with the declination on his lips he intimated to Croker that he would like to be the candidate of the machine instead of Murphy. When Mr. Cleveland finally made his declaration of opposition to Murphy it was too late, and Whitney was right, perhaps, in thinking the publication a blunder. A person of unusual activity must sometimes be right.

The Murphy incident passed, Mr. Cleveland became petulant and intolerant. He did not consult with his friends. He seemed to regard their advice with suspicion. He intimated on one occasion to several of them that they were presuming on the sacrifices they had made for him, and was bluntly told by one of them in reply that they had made no sacrifice for him, but for the cause which they had supposed that he represented. When he made up his cabinet there was further disappointment, and when he declined to make Mr. Coudert Ambassador to France the men who had sacrificed their political prospects, and had entered into revolt against the machine, realized that they had accomplished nothing but the election of Grover Cleveland. The cause they had at heart—the regeneration of their party in New York, the reorganization of the party in such a way that it might represent economic and administrative reform—had not yet won its victory nor found its leader.

From the time that Mr. Cleveland went to Washington until now he has been engaged in strengthening the machine in this State. Tammany and the State committee are the only organizations he has recognized. He made Mr. Dayton postmaster because he is a Tammany man. He has appointed anti-snappers to office, but he has not taken the advice of anti-snapper leaders. He has tried to conciliate the machine on the ostensible theory that he needed Hill's and Murphy's aid to repeal the Sherman act, as if any New York Senator would dare do otherwise. His tone towards the men who made his nomination possible has been peevish and insolent. His old friends did not ask him to use his patronage to build up a machine, but to show his sympathy with what was best in the party, and to make it clear that he believed that his principles and not his personality had won, that the principles he represented were enduring, that they were for the welfare of the republic and of humanity, and that he wanted the usurping bandits driven from the high places in the party, because the impure administration of the party affairs was inconsistent with its high purposes and professions.

Grover Cleveland failed to understand the greatness of his opportunity. He has placed himself in the control of weak and insincere men. He has turned his back upon the men whose work for reform made him possible. He has deliberately sat down with those who have made the Democratic party a by-word and reproach, and who remain his enemies. If it had not been for Grover Cleveland's weakness, Maynard would not have been nominated, Murphy would not be Senator, and the Supreme Court would not be the sport of the New York machine. In my opinion it is Grover Cleveland who has made possible at this late day of disappointed hope such an article as that on "The Failure of the Democratic Party." If he were the leader he might be, if he had followed the dictates of his own better judgment, light would have long since been shining into our dark places.

DEMOCRAT.

NEW YORK, *February* 8, 1894.

VALE, KEARSARGE!

Lost on the reef of Roncador,
Never to sail the wide seas more!
We could better have spared a daintier boat,
The newest and jauntiest thing afloat,
Than this sturdy and gallant old dog of war,
Lost on the reef of Roncador!

In storm and thunder
She rent asunder
Her arrogant foe in the day gone by;
Then proudly we saw her pennon fly,
And our shouts went up 'neath the alien sky
For the ship that had saved her own once more.

Our pride and hope in the days of yore,
Lost on the reef of Roncador,
Where the churned foam breaks on the yellow shingle,
And the sullen currents meet and mingle.
Vale, Kearsarge! Our hearts are sore
For the loss on the reef of Roncador.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

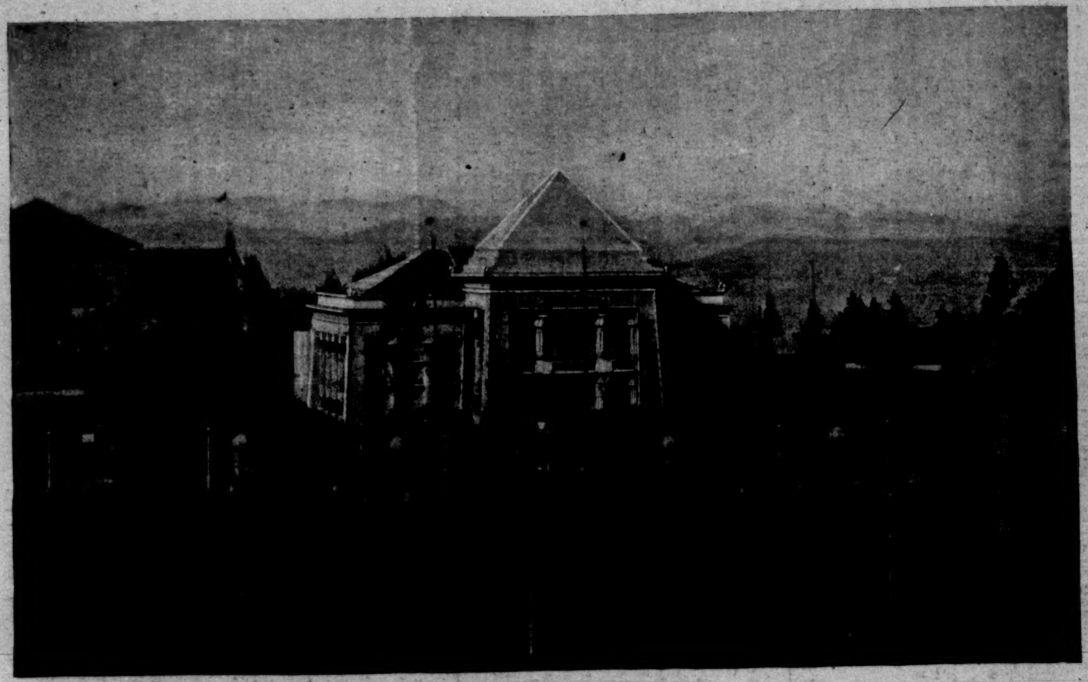
CHAIRMAN WILSON.

MR. WILSON's personality is one of the most engaging in public life. He entered Congress from the study of a college president. He was a young man only eighteen years old when the war of the rebellion broke out. A year before he was graduated from Columbian College in the District of Columbia. He entered the Confederate army, and when the war was over he returned to Columbian College as a professor. His entrance into active life was barred by the lawyer's test oath of West Virginia, but when that was overthrown he began the practice of his chosen profession. From that time until within a few months of his first election to Congress he was engaged in the practice of law and in the avocation of politics. In a few years he won distinction, for he was on the Democratic electoral ticket of West Virginia in 1880. Two years afterwards, on September 6th, he took up the work of President of the University of West Virginia, but on September 20th he was nominated for Congress, and was elected. When his present term expires he will have been a member of the House of Representatives for twelve years, and from the first he has advanced steadily to the front ranks, until now he is the Democratic leader on the floor, made so by force of character and ability, and against the real preferences of the Speaker.

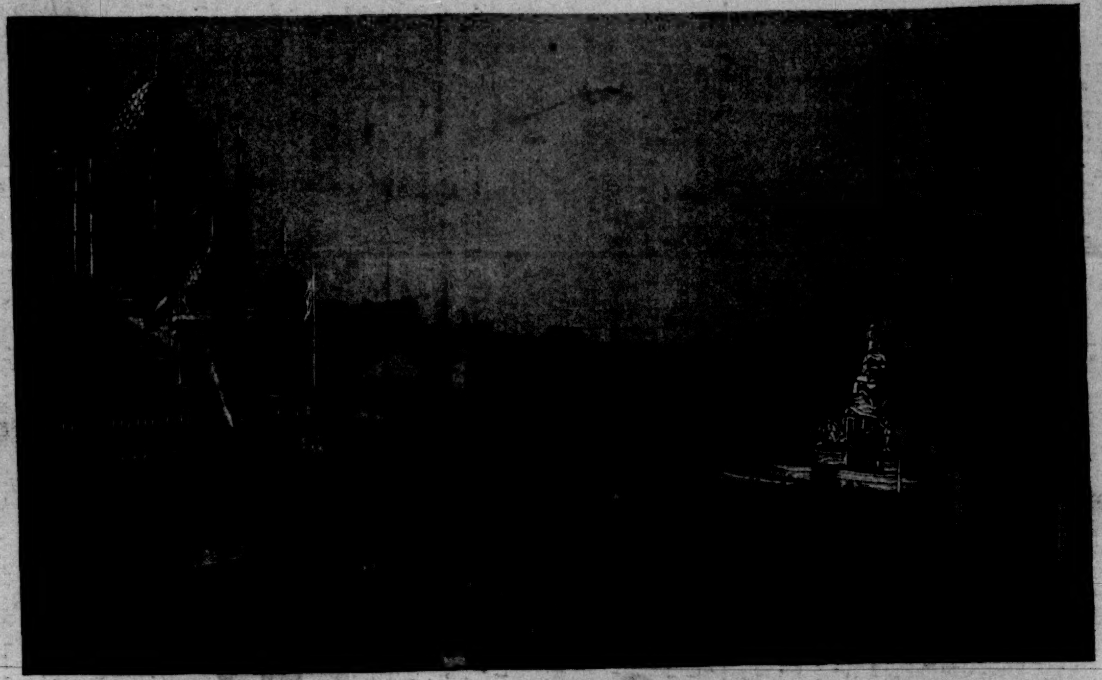
Mr. Wilson's first service was under Speaker Carlisle, whose shrewd judgment of men led him to trust fully in the new West Virginia member. Almost immediately Mr. Wilson took his place among the tariff-reformers, from whom much was to be expected. He became a colaborer of Carlisle, Morrison, Mills, and the Breckenridges. He was early called to the inner counsels of those who were making ready for the struggle for reduced tariff taxes. It was long considered doubtful whether Mr. Wilson would be able to withstand the strong protection influences in his State and district. The coal and iron interests there were very large. It was supposed that Senator Henry G. Davis, a strong protectionist, Senator Gorman, his connection and ally, Mr. Blaine, and Stephen B. Elkins, Mr. Davis's son-in-law, controlled the politics of the State, and that they would drive from public life any West Virginia Congressman who gave his voice or his vote in favor of a reduction of duties.

Mr. Wilson soon settled the doubt by voting and working with the revenue-reformers. He has been threatened with defeat. The State Legislature has disapproved of his course. The United States Senators from West Virginia have been protectionists for their local interests. Every two years he has had a hard and laborious campaign, but he has always carried his district against the efforts of the mine-owners, and contrary to the predictions of political wiseacres. When Mr. Carlisle went into the Senate Mr. Wilson had come to be recognized as the wisest, strongest, and the most convincing debater on tariff questions on the Democratic side of the House. He was the first choice of a large number of members of his party for the Speakership, but it was early determined that only one of the revenue-reform leaders should be a candidate for the office; and Mr. Mills, who had been the last chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was selected. He was defeated by Mr. Crisp for reasons that would not have availed against Mr. Wilson. When Mr. Mills had been denied his old chairmanship, Mr. Wilson should have been chosen, but Mr. Crisp had promised the honor to Mr. Springer, and to Mr. Springer it went. When the time came for the election of Speaker for the present Congress, Mr. Crisp's strongest rival was Mr. Wilson; but for the sake of harmony, and for the purpose of uniting the Democrats in Congress on the tariff issue, Mr. Crisp was granted a second term, on condition that a sound and trusted revenue-reformer should be made Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Wilson was naturally the man to whom the honor fell.

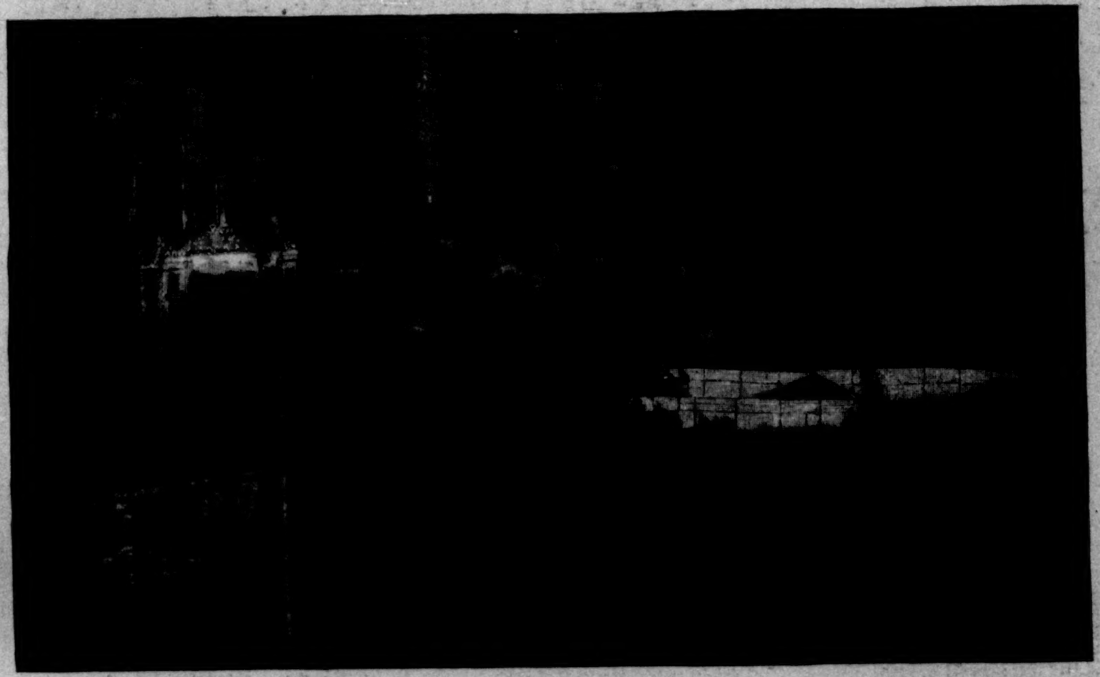
The wisdom of the choice has been abundantly demonstrated by the passage of the Wilson bill, and by its character. The enemies of the measure in the newspapers have sneered at Mr. Wilson as a professor, as if a man who has studied his subjects is therefore unfitted to deal with them. Mr. Wilson has shown that he possesses a large store of worldly wisdom; that he knows how to deal with men, for both sides of the House and men of all factions are his friends; his own party has respect for him and confidence in his prudence. That he is practical is proved by the character of his bill, as well as by his successful struggle in West Virginia against the politicians of both parties and the protected interests. He is a worthy successor of Mr. Carlisle, and, like the ex-Speaker, possesses the best traits of trained English legislators, who make a learned profession of their calling. Mr. Wilson knows the literature of every question that he champions, and he has the talent of adapting the experiences of the past and of other countries to the needs of the present and of this country. To his other gifts he adds that of speech in a large degree. He is a modest and an able man, an admirable product of American institutions.



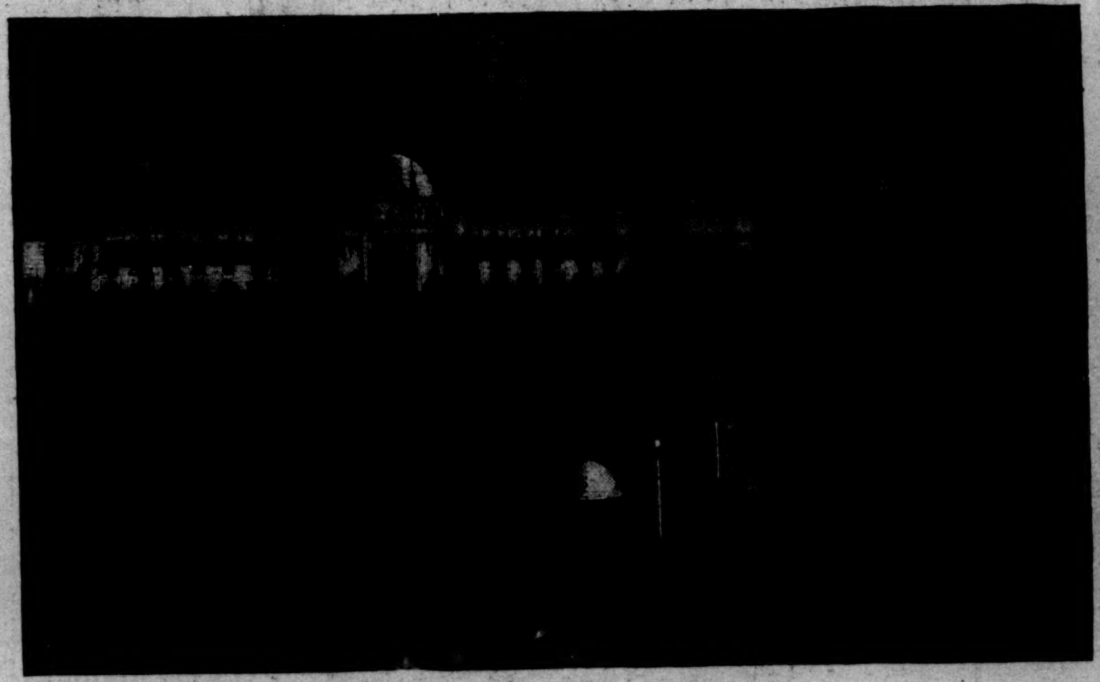
THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.



SOUTH END OF CENTRAL COURT.

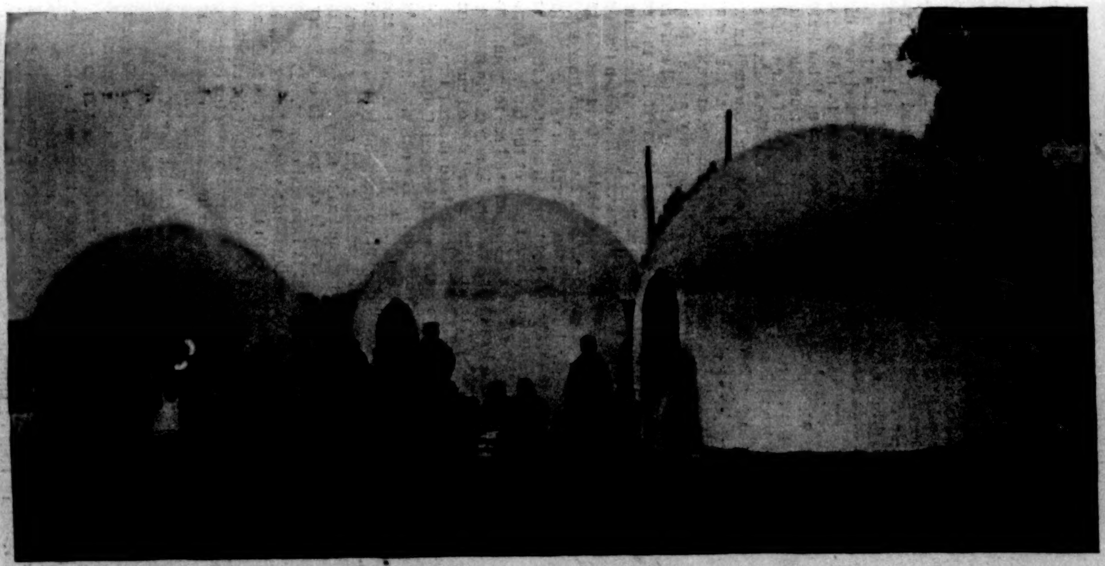


THE "MIDWAY."

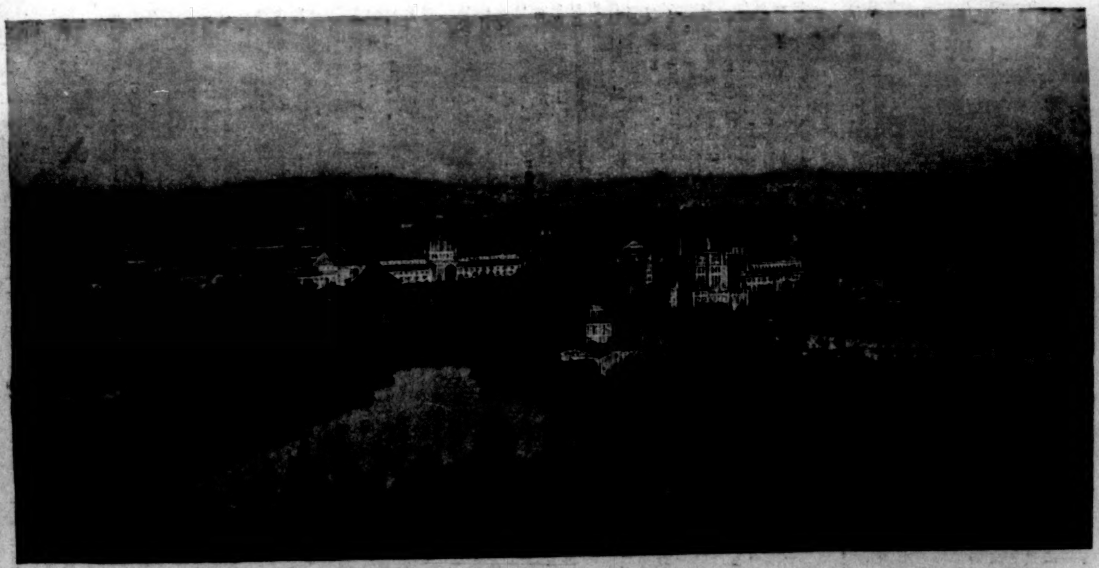


GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION ON CENTRAL COURT.

THE MIDWINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO—SCENES OF THE OPENING DAY, JANUARY 27TH.—From Photographs by Taber.—[See Page 154.]

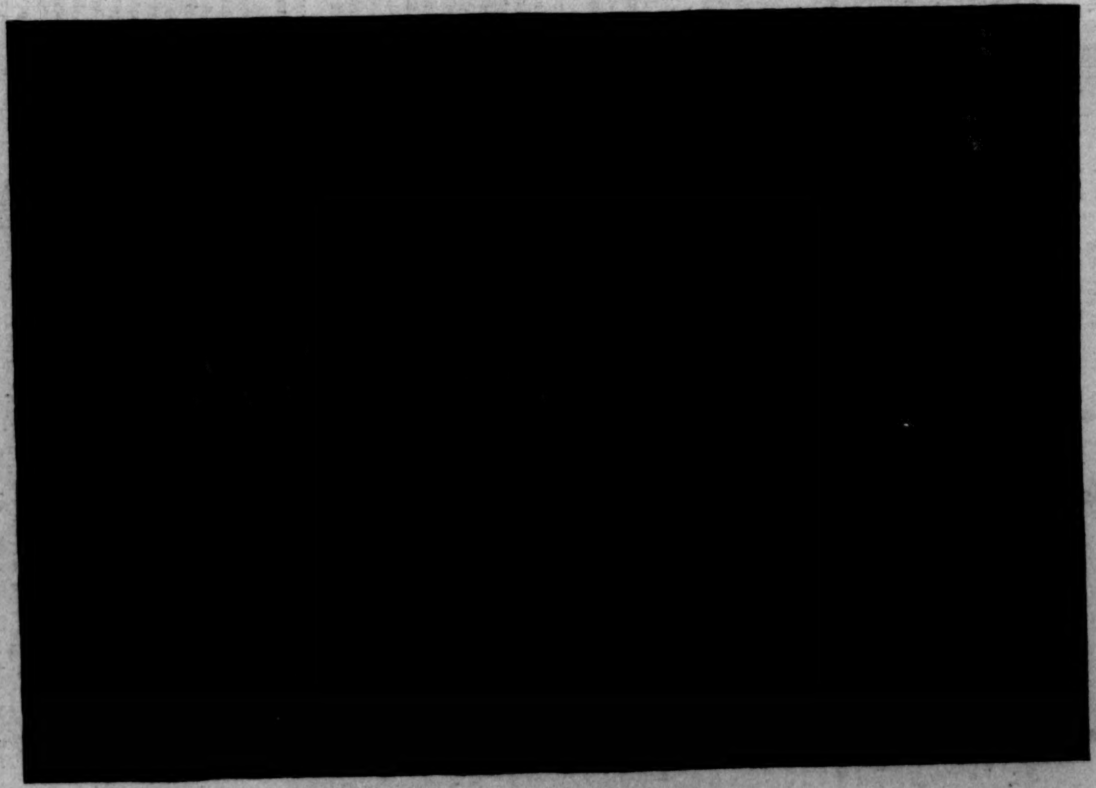


THE ESQUIMAU VILLAGE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAIR GROUNDS.

MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG PRESSING THE BUTTON,
The Signal for Opening the Fair and Putting the Machinery in Motion.



BANQUET TO THE COMMISSIONERS,
Given by Mr. M. H. de Young at the Palace Hotel, January 26th.

THE MIDWINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO.—From Photographs by Taber.—[See Page 154.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

If there were more men in the world like the late George W. Childs, the old saw about being virtuous and you will be happy would gain increased credit. Mr. Childs was to all appearances a very happy man pretty much all his life, and apparently also the chief reason he was so persistently happy was that he was so incorrigibly virtuous. That is simply to say that he got his happiness not by novel and original methods, but according to the well-known rules laid down to that end and universally familiar. He got out of life what he could get, and was satisfied with that. To be sure, it was a good deal, particularly in the detail of money. He got a great deal of money. But it was his sanity, combined with good fortune, that brought him that. He did not get rich by spectacular operations, but by doing faithfully and shrewdly the thing that was at hand, and grasping the opportunity when it offered. Opportunity is as common as the mud in the streets, and the man who can see it and grasp it is just about as scarce as the man who can keep the streets clean.

It was just so about the use that Mr. Childs made of his money. Every one knows that the way to be happy is to promote the happiness of other people. That is no secret, but it is an axiom the very familiarity of which makes for its neglect. Mr. Childs put it to regular and continuous application. He drew happiness out of the money he gave away just as directly as many other rich men draw interest on the capital they hoard. To follow his career makes success seem easy and life a simple thing, but every one has not the genius of common-sense, which is so especially invaluable in teaching one what not to attempt.

A great deal of innocent joyousness went out of the world with Rosina Vokes. Her fun was such pure fun. It did good, like medicine, and left one nothing to repent of in the morning. To see her catch imaginary flies in the *Belles of the Kitchen* was to get a new conception of the comparative unimportance of the thing that is done, and the vital difference it makes how you do it.

In the striking novel of existence in Chicago called *The Cliff-Dwellers* there is an unlucky young hero who has the misfortune or the stupidity to marry the wrong girl. She makes him a desperately bad wife, runs him in debt, and ruins him, not because she is a bad woman, but because she knows no better. Nothing about her impressed one reader so much as that she could not keep good servants because she spoke of them to their faces as "servants," and rubbed it in. If women servants who are worth keeping prefer not to be called "servants," a mistress who has not tact enough to humor them in that preference deserves to live in a hotel. Any woman, whose skin is not so thick as to be better named a hide, must know by instinct what tones and what words will hurt a self-respecting American servant's self-respect, and if she cannot steer clear of such words and such tones, she has a very defective claim to rank as a clever woman.

Mrs. John Sherwood, who is interesting herself very practically just now in the servant question, has a wise appreciation of the value of slight things in making homes happy. She counsels mistresses to call their servants "employées." That may do, though it is rather a formal word. "Hired-girl" in its contraction "girl" has the advantage of it in being already in successful use in many comfortable families. Indeed, there is a subtle sentiment at the bottom of the whole matter, and there are ladies and ladies, and some can call their servants "servants" and make them feel that the title is honorable, and others may call them "domestics" or "employées," and still never gain their affection. The mental attitude that is behind the word is even more important than the word itself.

But Mrs. Sherwood is doing more than talk about names. Her sympathy for the unemployed has found its expression in the effort to find places in country families for poor girls in New York who are out of work. She is the active force, or one of the active forces, in the "Kind Word" Woman's Aid Society, which has an office in the Athletic Club Building on Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. The organization receives the applications of girls who want to do house-work, and tries to fit them to the Macedonian appeals of out-of-town families that want their house-work done. It has not tried in vain, but with a most encouraging degree of success, which warrants families in all parts of the State in applying to it for help in domestic crises. It is a pleasure to commend to housewives everywhere a charity whose purpose is so sensible, and which is in such competent hands.

Siegfried Wagner, the son of Richard, after faithfully trying to turn himself into an architect, has succumbed to the influence of his hereditary instincts, and is regarded as a promising aspirant to the direction of the Baireuth Theatre. He has his father's name to help him, but whether he can rise to the standard that name exacts is still a question. His work thus far has been done as a conductor of music, not as a composer. He has been intrusted with a baton at Leipsic, and apparently with felicitous results, and after some additional experience he is to conduct *Lohengrin* at Baireuth.

Miss Klumpke, the American girl who lately took the mathematical degree at the Sorbonne in Paris (as remarked upon by all the newspapers, and by the Weekly among them), is one, it appears, of three sisters, all of whom seem imbued with a resolute missionary spirit, and each of whom in a different line has been able to give French society valuable points about the capacity of the contemporary woman to cope with unaccustomed tasks. Each one has met a different form of French prejudice, and has shown the requisite ability and discretion to overcome it. The oldest sister studied medicine, and, in the face of much objection, became the first resident woman physician in France. The second one followed art in a studio where work from the nude is closely studied. The third one chose astronomy as her field, and it was as an incident of her astronomical studies that she invaded the higher mathematics, and wrote the thesis on the rings of Saturn which has won her so wide a reputation. It is to be remarked that all these ladies seem to have gained the sincere good-will of their French associates, and that they have done it partly by carefully respecting French social customs, and diverging only so far from the existing conventions as was indispensable to the prosecution of their work.

If any one aspires to say anything in defence of the Senate committee which paid attention to the complaints about Mr. St. Gaudens's medal, as sagacious a plea as any that suggests itself is to point out that the medal will be reproduced in all sorts of crude forms, posted, placarded, stamped on bales of goods and on labels, and used in all conceivable ways by the men of commerce in their business. How Mr. St. Gaudens's pure original design would have stood all this violent reproduction was perhaps a question which the Senate committee was entitled to consider. It is true enough that this excuse would apply just as well to the Apollo Belvedere as to Mr. St. Gaudens's young man; and doubtless at best it is not very much of an excuse; but then there is a general impression that as a committee on art the Senatorial aggregation was not very much of a committee, and it may be that the excuse will just about fit it.

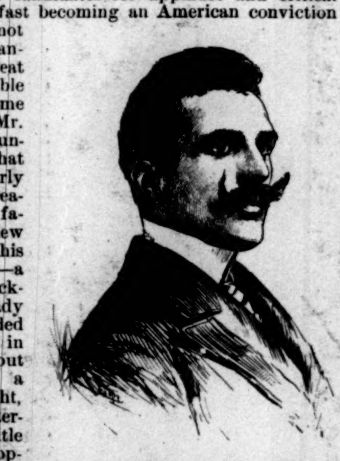
Commodore John Grimes Walker, who has just been promoted to be Rear-Admiral in place of Admiral Gherardi, retired, was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1856, and was a lieutenant at the breaking out of the war. In 1861 he served in the steamer *Connecticut* on the Atlantic coast blockade. In 1862, in the steamer *Winona*, he took part in the capture of New Orleans, and later, as Lieutenant-Commander, in the steamer *Baron de Kalb*, participated in the attacks on Vicksburg and in the operations on the Yazoo River in the winter of 1862-3. He was in both attacks on Haines Bluff, and was in at the capture of Fort Hindman and Yazoo City and the attack on Fort Pemberton. After forcing the passage of Yazoo Pass he commanded the naval battery which bombarded Vicksburg from the rear, and after the surrender commanded the expedition against the Yazoo River. It was while leading this expedition in the *De Kalb* that his vessel struck a torpedo and went down. In 1864 he commanded the *Saco* on the North Atlantic blockade, and in 1865 the *Shawmut*, in which he helped to capture the forts near Wilmington. For his services in the war he was promoted to the rank of Commander in 1866. After that he served three years at the Naval Academy, and commanded the *Sabine* on a special cruise in 1869-70. He was made Captain in 1877, served for eight years as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and in 1889 became a Commodore.

The expiration of the patent on the magnet telephone places a very useful piece of mechanism at the free disposal of American householders. Magnet telephones are not commonly used as transmitters, but are convenient and satisfactory for talking over short routes. The lapse of the patent which protected them is hardly likely to have much effect upon the general telephone systems of cities. People who wish to be in communication with many places or many people will doubtless keep the service which they have now. But for private lines connecting dwellings with one or two points the magnet telephones will answer very well. It is a very common experience for families to have one or two places with which it is a special convenience to be able to talk. Near relatives or intimate friends often desire to be so connected, but do not care for a telephone for general use. The magnet telephone will fit such cases, and has now the great recommendation that it can be bought outright, so that the first cost of it is the only outlay that it involves, and even that will not be great. The magnet telephone will be especially useful in the country, where the matter of stringing up a wire is a simple thing, involving no electric risks, and no invasion of property.

E. S. Martin.

JOSEF SLIVINSKI.

New York is not so inconstant and unappreciative as to require a new Polish pianist-in-extraordinary every year. Recent musical seasons, however, have liberally provided the city with such candidates for applause and critical comparison. It is fast becoming an American conviction that although it is not necessary to be a pianist to become a great Pole, it is indispensable to be a Pole to become a great pianist. Mr. Josef Slivinski, unluckily, was somewhat handicapped in early gaining here the measure of notice and favor due to him in view of his ability and of his wide foreign fame—a fame lately and quickly won, but already firm. His crowded piano-forte recitals in the city have lately put him before us in a new and happier light, which makes flatteringly obvious his title to distinction and popularity in his profession. Born at Warsaw in 1865, Mr. Slivinski is in the flower of life, ambition, and energy. A pupil first of Strobel, of the Warsaw Conservatory, and later, successively, of Leschititzky and of Rubinstein, Slivinski entered the arena of public pianism only about four years ago. His capital has been and is a magnificent touch, a technical facility quite unusual if not even yet perfectly secure, and a musicianly intellect amply broad enough to raise him above the rank of a mere virtuoso, and reminding his auditors of the endowment of his great fellow-countryman, Paderewski. In London his vogue has been exceptional. It is true that in hearing Mr. Slivinski in such matters as are the more formidable works of Liszt or Rubinstein one cannot help feeling that his maturer art-work will be more masterful, more certain and finished—he is still young, and he still has to acquire certain necessities in a great player's equipment. But in Beethoven, in Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Chopin he is to-day a delightfully superior interpreter and artist. It may be added that the pianist is a modest and manly gentleman, of education beyond his profession, and that, as his likeness hints, there is a well-groomed and almost military precision in his exterior that is acceptable in the artist. Virgil's "long-haired Iopas" set a precedent in music too long followed. The question of the piano-forte concert in our large modern concert-halls is a nice one; perhaps too little weighed. Its less favorable aspect is, however, materially condoned in view of the help brought so directly to the less gifted musician, amateur or professional, in obtaining a clear estimate of what is written down in a composition, and should be brought out of it, when the exponent is such a player as Joseffy, Rosenthal, Rummel, Paderewski, or Slivinski.



E. Irenæus Stevenson.

TRIUMPHANT CALIFORNIA.

On Saturday, the 27th day of January, 85,000 people were assembled at the formal opening of the California Midwinter International Exposition, and when it is remembered that San Francisco has a population of very little over 300,000, and that the adjacent counties contain scarcely more than 100,000 more, it is easy to see the tremendous interest taken in the Midwinter Fair, and its opening day must be set down as a perfect and unqualified success.

A notable feature of the opening day was the perfect and absolute good humor and temper which prevailed among the enormous crowd. There was not a single arrest for assault, for fighting, for drunkenness, or for indecent or abusive language. At times during the day and evening there was, as was inevitable, a good deal of pushing and shoving and elbowing, but it was all perfectly good-natured.

Possibly the weather may have had something to do with this, for had it been made to order it could not have been more nearly perfect. There was a little fog early in the morning, but it had entirely disappeared by noon, and the afternoon and evening were simply typical of what a January day in San Francisco can be. All the band concerts of the day were in the open air, and thousands of people sat and stood about listening to the music, the only displeasing feature being that it was too warm to sit long in the direct rays of the sun. Overcoats and wraps of all kinds were voted a burden and a nuisance until after sunset, and even then the air retained most of its warmth until about ten o'clock. The day and evening were simply ideal—that is, according to California. The rain of a week before had made it difficult to get all the roads into perfect condition; but the crowd in its good-natured delight made all necessary allowances for this, and picked out the dry spots without a word of complaint at the damp ones.

It is unnecessary to say that the people who went to the opening of the Midwinter Fair enjoyed themselves. The Governor of the State had made the day a legal holiday, and the people made it a real actual holiday, acting very much like children out of school, and evidently having what the defensible American idiom calls a "real good time." They haunted the exposition buildings, though many of the exhibits were not in place, they admired the displays in the District and County buildings, they visited the concessions by thousands, and they went into raptures over the fireworks in the evening. San Francisco has never had such a genuine holiday in its history, and everybody seemed to take advantage of it. If the street cars were over-crowded, they laughed; if the turnstiles became choked, they regarded it as a huge joke.

The formal exercises of the day went off without any hitch or delay in the programme, save that General W. H. L. Barnes, who was to have delivered the oration, was prevented by illness from being present, and Hon. James D. Phelan was compelled to take his place, which he did most acceptably. After the remarks of Director-General De Young, the address by Mr. Phelan, the response by Governor Markham, and prayer by Bishop Nichols, Mrs. De Young touched the electric button, and at once cannon roared, steam-whistles shrieked and yelled, bands struck up, choruses took up the refrain, and the people cheered to the echo. The rumble and roar of machinery were added to the din and clangor, and the California Midwinter International Exposition was fairly under way.

If it be asked, as it doubtless will, "What is the Midwinter Fair for, and what will it accomplish?" the answer must be twofold: First, it is to amuse, instruct, and interest the people of California and of the Pacific coast; and second, it is to advertise California. We have invited Eastern and foreign exhibitors to come here and bring with them their choicest and rarest wares, and they have responded in great numbers and with alacrity. This part of the show is for ourselves. Next, we have asked every district and every county in the State to send to the Midwinter Fair samples of every product—agricultural, horticultural, viticultural, and mineral—natural and manufactured, and this is for the instruction and pleasure of our visitors and for the ultimate benefit of California. We assert in all sincerity that never in the world has there been such an exhibit of the fruits of the soil as is to be seen at the Midwinter Fair, taking into account beauty, variety, and utility. California is just about as large, territorially, as the republic of France, and possesses a greater variety of soil and climate than that country, and something of everything that grows or is produced in that area may be seen at the Midwinter Fair, and seen, in many instances, half a dozen times over. On the opening day, for example, there were oranges enough on exhibition almost to freight an Atlantic liner, and they were only one phase of the marvellous variety of exhibits. It would not do to tell the whole truth at this time, lest the writer be relegated to the ranks of the familiar California liars, but all we need say is, come and see for yourselves.

In a State like California there is necessarily more or less sectional rivalry, and this has served a good purpose for the Midwinter Fair. There have been erected two handsome buildings, one by northern and central California, and the other by southern California. The exhibits in these buildings are distinct from those in the main Agricultural and Horticultural Building, but no admission is charged to either building. Each has its peculiar and special products, but they meet on common ground as to many things, and that is where the greatest interest is excited. It is a merry and good-humored war, but it is in real earnest. Both sections of the State want settlers—not mere laborers, but home-makers—and have put forth their best efforts to show visitors that it will be to their interest to pitch their tents among us, and to let their children grow up with the country.

This, however, is a diversion from the opening day, though not an unnatural one. California has every conceivable reason to be satisfied with the initial day of the exposition, and believes that the triumph of that day will be repeated again and again as long as the Midwinter Fair continues, which will be, in all probability, until the Fourth of July. The city is in readiness to receive guests from every part of the world, and so to receive them as to allow her reputation for hospitality to suffer no diminution. Whenever the February snow gets too deep, or the March winds too biting, a few days of railroad travel will bring one to the land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers, and right here in San Francisco, at the Midwinter Fair, the visitor can see the whole great State of California in microcosm. We can offer no other or greater inducements, nor can we believe it necessary so to do.

Marcus P. Wiggin.

ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES.

BY HERBERT LAWS WEBB.—ILLUSTRATED BY H. DEARBORN GARDINER.

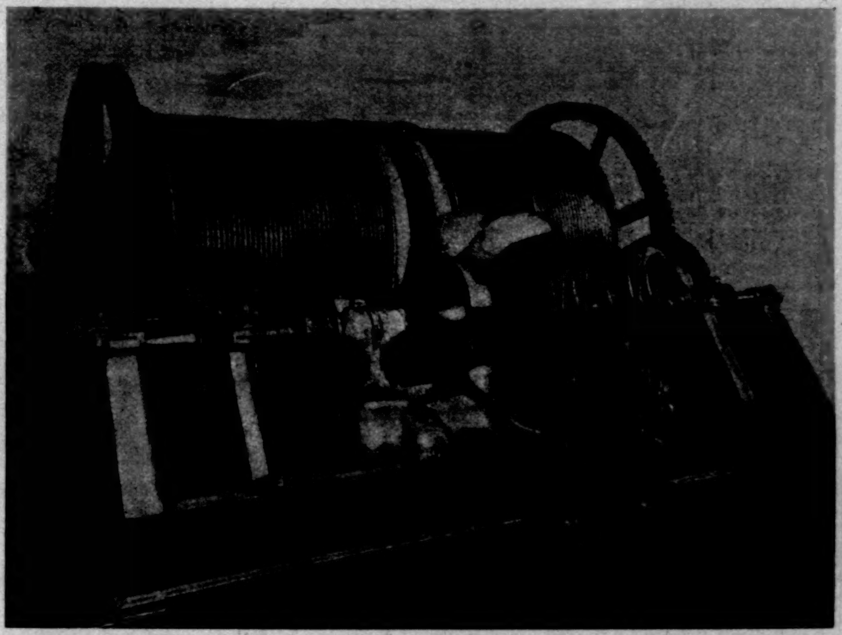
TO-DAY every one is accustomed to seeing about him on all sides the industrial manifestations of electricity, and to being waited on in some way or other almost every day by this accomplished and highly trained servant of man. From time to time the reader gets an insight into how some of it is done, and in printed page is carried beyond the maze of wires into realms of whirring machinery, into halls where sounders click and rattle, or into the lofty regions of "central," where speech is not silver, but a combination of copper wire and brass plugs. For a half-hour let us suppose that the day of the flying-machine has come, and let us take a swift aerial trip to peep into some of those vast hives of industry that electricity has dotted the country with during the past few years; in this way we may see not merely how electricity is produced and turned to good account, but how the very machines and wires and lamps and instruments that produce it and conduct it and burn it and measure it and turn it into written and spoken word are made. It is a sight well worth seeing, and has many curiosities for the curious, many surprises for the uninitiated, much that cannot fail to interest all who watch with pride the gigantic progress of an industrial age.

In our flying trip we have much to see and far to travel. We may begin in New York, and on Manhattan Island we shall find that electrical factories of all kinds abound; but we must soon wander further afield, where ground, coal, water, and labor are cheaper. Through New Jersey and Pennsylvania we must wing our course, poising a moment at Newark, Orange, Passaic, Trenton, Philadelphia, Pittsburg. Taking flight for the boundless West, we may take a breathing-spell at Indianapolis, and a longer one at Chicago, where electrical manufactures begin to cluster in great variety. Turning eastward again, we take fleeting glimpses at Detroit and Buffalo, and then with shorter flights drop in at the numerous manufacturing towns of New England as we skim over Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. Although so near home, we cannot turn to our final resting-place again without shooting over the Empire State to Schenectady, where one of the largest electrical manufacturing centres in the country enthralls us with its many wonders.

On our return from this breathless flight, reflecting quietly over a meditative cigar in the restful tranquillity of our den, we think over all the wonders we have seen, and rescue from the recesses of memory the impressions gained during our hasty visits to the realms of the wizards and magicians of the nineteenth century. We know now how it is all done, where the clicking sounder, the tinkling bell, the whispering telephone, the whirring dynamo, and the cheerful lamp all get their electricity from and how they use it; how it is led from place to place, distributed, measured, and all the rest of it. We have seen how it is made; and not merely that, but how the mysterious appliances that make it are made, and we have got at the kernel of the whole mystery in a manner that we had never hoped for.

One curious thread runs through our reflections. Everywhere we go we find that electro-magnetism is the key to the situation. Those investigators and discoverers who did such valiant pioneering for those who followed after them in the exploration of the electrical Dark Continent, Faraday, Henry, and Sturgeon, when they pounced upon the fact that electricity and magnetism are closely related, and found that a coil of wire with a current flowing through it will turn a piece of soft iron into a magnet, and that a steel magnet brought near a wire will start a current of electricity in that wire—when they discovered those things they invented the telegraph and the telephone, the electric light and the electric railway, and all the thousand and one applications of electricity that surround us to-day. Others found out how to intensify and diversify the effects that the great physicists discovered and announced to the world, and invented the commercial instruments and machines that do the work of carrying speech and making light and transmitting power, but electro-magnetism has been the willing servant of them all. "It is love that makes the world go round," sang the old ballad-monger. It is electro-magnetism that makes the wheels of electrical industry go round, we say, as we see the electro-magnet in all shapes and sizes, and applied in all manner of ways in the different instruments and machines that surround us in various stages of construction, as we pass through factory after factory during our flying trip through the country.

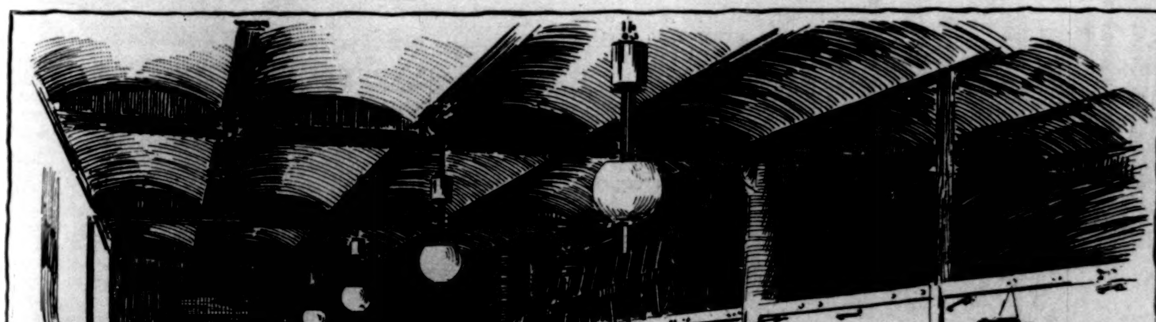
We naturally turn to the telegraph first, as being the oldest of the commercial applications of electricity. Of telegraph instruments we find a great variety, from the simple sounder to the familiar "ticker" and the unfamiliar "Wheatstone automatic," which is capable of transmitting at enormously high speeds, up to 600 words a minute. All the wonderful array of apparatus that goes to make up the equipment of the modern telegraph office has sprung from the very small beginnings of Cooke, Morse, and Wheatstone, who fifty years ago turned electro-magnetism to account to transmit signals. The Morse sounder has been developed and perfected, and still remains the same—a couple of spools or bobbins of silk-covered wire put over two little bars of iron, with a small piece of iron at the end of a hinged lever just above. A current is sent through the coils of wire, and the iron bars are magnetized, and attract the armature with a click; the current ceases, the magnetism vanishes, and the armature flies back with another click. The clicks are the speech of the telegraph.



AN ELECTRIC HOIST.

Whirring machines wind the spools of wire, guided accurately into place by deft-fingered girls and boys; hissing lathes and files shape and polish the spools and screws and levers and other fittings of brass, iron, wood, and rubber that assemble together to make the shining instruments, more nimble-tongued than any chattering woman, that flash the speech of the country from ocean to ocean. On one side we see the sounders and relays, on another keys and switches of gleaming brass that interrupt and guide the currents, to which the sounders and relays respond. Seeking further still, we come to other instruments, with which to split up and balance the current so that two or four sets of instruments may be worked on one wire; these are coils of fine silk-covered wire arranged in boxes with brass plates that can be joined together by the insertion of a metal plug, and inert-looking boxes of tin-foil and paraffined paper, called condensers, because they condense or retain a charge of electricity on the tin-foil sheets when connected to the source of current. We cannot stay long among the telegraph instruments; many of them are interesting enough to warrant a longer visit, and one wants to learn just how two or four messages can be persuaded to pass on the same wire without becoming all "mixed up," and how it is possible, even with electricity, to transmit 400 or 600 words a minute on a single wire; but time presses, and there are greater wonders before us, so with a glance at the many delicate instruments that skilled fingers are fashioning out of brass and steel and copper wire we pass on to investigate the sister instrument to the telegraph—the telephone.

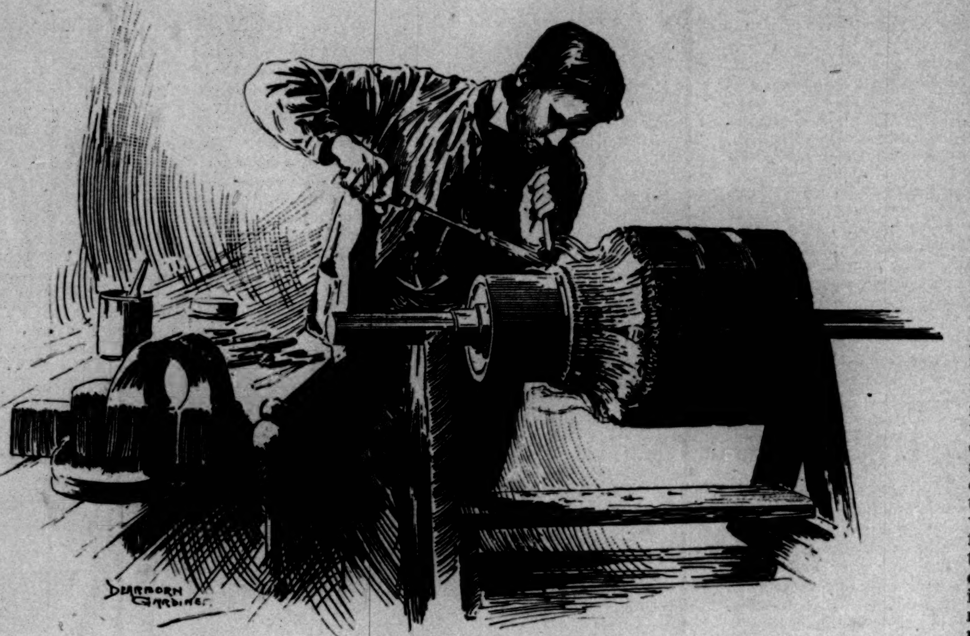
Here again we find that electro-magnetism holds the key to the situation. The Bell telephone, that puny founder of a great industry, consists of a steel magnet, a spool of insulated wire, and a thin diaphragm of sheet-iron held in front of the end of the magnet. Vibrate the diaphragm, and you set up currents in the spool of wire; send currents through the spool of wire, and you set the diaphragm in vibration. There is the action of the telephone in a nutshell, and electro-magnetism is the explanation of it. The telephone receiver we see being made by hundreds and by thousands, for the demands of the whole country are supplied by one factory. The slim steel magnets surmounted by the little spool of silk-covered wire are slipped into the shining hard rubber cases with the wide mouth, the diaphragm is clapped on and the top screwed down, and there is the telephone receiver complete. But the modern telephone system needs much more than receivers; it needs transmitters, bells, and gigantic switchboards, and a host of accessory apparatus. In another department we see the transmitters being assembled in their wooden cases—a diaphragm similar to that used in the receiver, a pair of little springs, one of which carries a platinum contact point and the other a carbon button, an induction coil, and the transmitter is complete. The diaphragm, vibrating under the influence of the voice, transmits its vibrations to the platinum point and the carbon button, which pass them on as electrical vibrations to the induction coil, where they are transformed and intensified and sent out to the line. The magneto-bell used in telephone systems next claims our attention. We see little bundles of fine wire mounted on spindles being set up between the poles of steel horseshoe magnets, and we find that when the spindle is turned and the spool of wire revolved, the magnets cause currents to appear in the wire. On the top of the box containing the magnets and bundle of wire are two small gongs; the currents generated in the spool of wire pass through an electro magnet similar to that which we have already seen in the telegraph sounder, and actuate a little hammer, which beats between the gongs with the merry tinkle that telephone subscribers know so well. The bell also contains an automatic switch, on which the receiver is hung when not in use. This switch connects the bell to the line when the receiver is in place, and when the receiver is taken down the switch flies up and connects the line to the transmitter and receiver for talking. As we walk from one part of the factory to another we see bobbins of wire being wound and fitted to straight magnets, other spools of wire put in place between horseshoe magnets, castings being polished, and cabinet-work varnished, and when we see all the various small parts assembled into a finished instrument—bell,



MAKING UP TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARDS.

transmitter, receiver, and battery-box, all complete—we find that we know a good deal more about the inside of our telephone instrument than we ever knew before.

From the instrument departments we turn to those occupied in making and assembling switchboard apparatus. Here we lose ourselves, bewildered, in a maze of wires and a confusion of small instruments, spring-jacks, annunciator drops, plugs, and cords, switches of all descriptions, and a host of puzzling knickknacks besides. The switchboard that we see in process of construction is a complicated and awe-inspiring collection of mechanism and wires. We find that the principal parts of it are the spring-jacks, of which there are myriads, the cables that connect the spring-jacks together, the annunciators, and the various cords and plugs and rows of switches with which the operator connects subscribers together and rings them up. The spring-jacks are little tubes containing metal springs with which the wires that run through the switchboard are connected; the jacks are set in close rows in a frame-work, many thousands going into a few square feet of switchboard; three wires are connected to each spring-jack, and we see men at work "fanning out" the ends of the cables so that the wires shall come in the right places to be soldered to the metal springs—all work that must be done with mathematical nicety. In a large switchboard there are many miles of fine wire to connect the tens of thousands of spring-jacks, and the assembling of all this material is a task that for minutiæ and laboriousness has no equal in the mechanical world. At the other apparatus of the switchboard—the plugs that fit into the spring-jacks, the little annunciators that announce the calls, the operator's keys and switches—we can only give a passing look, wondering as we do how the voice can ever find its way through so many crossings and bypaths of wire and metal bars and springs. Everything we see reveals the effect of the finest workmanship and most careful selection of material. The magnets are of the hardest steel; the wire in the instruments is insulated with silk; the brass springs and contact pieces are true in shape, and fit snugly into place. Exposed parts of metal are nickel-plated and highly burnished, or else polished and lacquered. Everything shows the artistic "finish" that is always a distinguishing feature of high-class scientific and mechanical apparatus.



CONNECTING ARMATURE COILS TO COMMUTATOR.

From the telegraph and telephone whither shall we wend our way? The prompting voice suggests the electric light. Here we shall find that not so much is done under one roof. If we can see dynamos, motors, transformers, and the heavier devices employed in electric lighting in one place, we shall have to take another flight to see the evolution of lamps and switches, measuring instruments, and the smaller appurtenances that belong to a great system for the distribution of electricity for light and power. There are one or two places, however, such as the great electrical manufacturing centres at Lynn and Schenectady, where almost every requisite for a central station or an electric railway is made in one factory, or rather in one aggregation of factories. One might spend a week at either of these places, wandering from shop to shop, and yet not exhaust the marvels that they contain; in a hasty visit, such as ours must needs be, we can only hope to make a cursory inspection of all that is going on round about us.

Watching the evolution of a dynamo or motor through the various stages from rough iron castings to the finished machine, we quickly recognize our familiar friend the electro-magnet. The electro-magnet and electro-magnetic induction form the basis of dynamo and motor. We know that by winding a copper wire round a bar of iron and sending a current of electricity through the wire the bar of iron is turned into a magnet, and that by moving a wire in the immediate neighborhood of a magnet a current is set up in the wire. There you have the dynamo.

It took some time to bring the dynamo to its present stage of efficiency. At first a bundle of wire was revolved in front of the poles of a permanent magnet, and current was produced. Then somebody substituted an electro-magnet for the permanent magnet, connecting the winding of the electro-magnet to the revolving coil, and produced the self-exciting dynamo. When the dynamo is first started up there is very little magnetism about it, but sufficient to generate a small current, which, flowing round the electro-magnet, increases the magnetism, and this increase in magnetism brings about a corresponding increase in the strength of the current generated; the two forces go on assisting each other until their full strength is attained, and the dynamo is generating current to its full capacity. After this beautiful automatic action of the dynamo had been discovered and turned to practical account, some little time elapsed before it was found that the dynamo was also a motor, and that if the wires from a dynamo in motion were connected to a second machine, this would revolve, and deliver the power being used to work the first. Since that incidental discovery the electric motor has become a power in the land, and is now to be found doing every class of mechanical work.

WINDING DYNAMO ARMATURE.

The building of a large dynamo is one of the most interesting processes of electrical manufacture, and the huge machines that are made to-day for electric light and power stations bear substantial evidence of the perfection to which electrical machinery has been brought. Dynamos that require engines of several hundred horse-power are made almost every day, and those for Niagara Falls are to be of 5000 horse-power capacity. The first stage of the dynamo is the iron frame-work of the electro-magnets. These are called the field-magnets, the term arising from the expression "magnetic field," which denotes any space where the influence of magnetism exists. The magnetic field, of course, is always most powerful between the poles of a magnet, and it is in this position that the revolving coil of wire—or the armature, as it is called—is always placed. We see the huge iron castings planed and shaped by powerful machines, and then two straight limbs are joined together by a cross-piece or yoke bolted securely on, and the frame of the field-magnet is complete. The copper wire which is to impart magnetism to the magnet is wound by machinery on large spools which fit tightly over the limbs of the electro-magnet; the lower ends of these carry large pole-pieces—blocks of iron with the inner faces hollowed out so that the armature shall secure the maximum exposure to the magnetized iron, no magnetism being wasted on the air. The armature, like the field-magnet, consists of iron and copper wire; the wire is wound in coils over a core of soft iron mounted on a shaft which allows of the armature being revolved.

The winding of the armature is a very scientific part of the construction of the dynamo; it must be done with extreme care, as the coils are subjected to great strains, owing to the rapid revolution of the armature when the dynamo is at work, and if any part of the winding should work loose the whole armature might be ruined. Every wire must be carefully insulated from its neighbors and from the frame-work, and the winding must be extremely compact in every way, as economy of space is a great object. Moreover, on the size of the wire used and the length wound in the coils depends the future capacity of the dynamo—that is, the number of lamps it can supply—consequently a definite size and quantity of wire must be used in winding the armature of every dynamo. The work is all done by hand, and the most skilled operatives are employed in it. When the armature is wound it is mounted in place between the poles of the field-magnet; on one end of the armature is the pulley by means of which the dynamo is belted to the driving-engine, on the other the commutator and brushes. The commutator has the appearance of a small brass cylinder; it is built up of a number of segments of brass, insulated from each other by segments of mica. The coils of wire on the armature are connected to the brass segments in such a manner that the reverse currents generated in them as the coils pass the opposite poles of the field-magnet are rectified and turned into a continuous current. The brushes bear on the commutator, and act as collectors to convey the current into the line wires.

Before we part company with heavy electrical machinery, however, we must take a look at the second cousin to the dynamo—the transformer or converter. The transformer is another application of electro-magnetism, or rather electro-magnetic induction. We have already seen that a current is generated in a wire when the wire is brought near a magnet; similarly a current passing in one wire will cause a

WINDING DRUM ARMATURE.

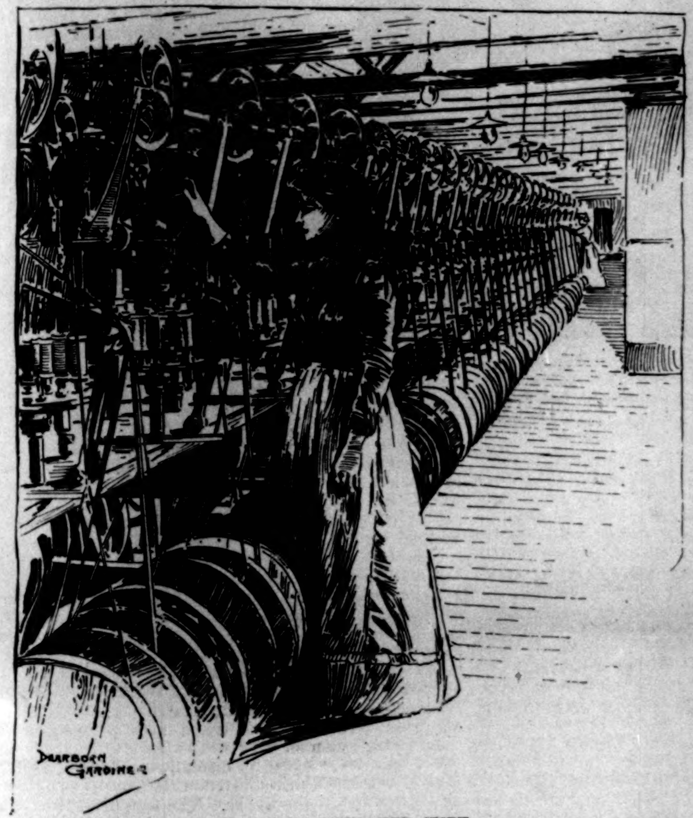
current to appear in a neighboring wire, and if the current in the first wire is rapidly interrupted or reversed, a series of interrupted or reversed currents will be caused in the second wire. The transformer is a useful application of this phenomenon. It consists of two coils of wire wound side by side on an iron core; the coils are of wire of different thicknesses, one much finer than the other. The object of the transformer is to vary the strength of the current. Thus, an alternating dynamo giving a current of very high pressure is connected to the finer coil of a transformer; the current that appears in the thicker coil is of much lower pressure, suitable to be fed to incandescent lamps. This is the principle of the high-pressure alternating system of electric lighting, about which we have read so much in the newspapers during the past few years. Transformers are made in all sizes, and we see the coils being wound as carefully as the coils for dynamo armatures; every coil must be thoroughly insulated, and must contain just so much wire of a certain thickness, the capacity of the transformer being as carefully calculated beforehand as is the capacity of a dynamo or motor. The iron cores on which the coils are wound are objects of almost as much solicitude as the coils themselves. The presence of iron assists the action of induction from wire to wire very materially, but the iron must be of special quality, and arranged in thin sheets separated from each other by paper to prevent the circulation of strange currents that act as a hinderance to the legitimate ones. The making of a transformer is much like the making of an armature, and having satisfied ourselves as to the functions and the beautifully simple construction of this in-

genious piece of apparatus, we bid good-by to the machinery that generates and distributes the electric current, and turn to investigate the appliances in which it is utilized, the wires that conduct it, and the instruments that measure it.

After dynamos, motors, and transformers, we naturally think of lamps. The arc lamp, as the oldest of electric burners, is the first to be examined. It is a staple article of electrical manufacture, and so much attention has been paid to it by inventors and manufacturers that all its early faults have been eradicated, its regulating mechanism has been greatly simplified, and it is now troubled with none of that uncertainty of action and proneness to severe fits of flickering and extinction that characterized it during the early days (or nights) of electric lighting. The manufacture of the arc lamp presents no features of special interest; we find the familiar electro-magnet employed in the mechanism that regulates the feeding of the upper carbon, and we take note of the substantial finish and accurate fitting of the various parts of the framework of the lamp. Some lamps, we find, are provided with a double set of carbons, the second pair being brought into action by an ingenious arrangement as soon as the first pair is burnt up.

The beautiful little glow lamp, with its fragile bulb and delicate filament, is a far more interesting production than its massive and cumbersome progenitor, the arc lamp. In our rapid tour through the incandescent-lamp factory we are more struck than ever by the share that female labor takes

WINDING AN ARMATURE.



BRAIDING INSULATED WIRE.

in the electrical industries. We know that the inhabitants of "Central" all belong to the gentler sex, and that the telegraph key is often handled by the nimble fingers of a woman; in the factories that we have already visited we have seen girls busily employed in winding fine wire on the spools of small electro-magnets for telegraph and telephone instruments, and coarser wire on the armatures of small dynamos and motors, and in many other of the lighter and finer tasks incident to electrical manufactures. Electricity has opened many new avenues of employment for women who have to earn their own living; the work is almost always of an attractive nature, and as increased skill is acquired with practice and experience, a very satisfactory rate of pay, compared with that which obtains in other industries where female labor is largely used, is attained.

As we pass from one part of the lamp factory to another, we see the little bulbs in a formative stage, like a small bottle with a neck at each end, in one place, the carbon filaments in another, the bases and connecting wires in a third, the finished lamps in a fourth. The process of manufacturing the carbon filaments from bamboo threads is a long and intricate one, and is carried on in strict seclusion as a trade secret. But we can see the quick-fingered girls pick up the hairlike filaments and joint them to the little pieces of platinum wire which are fused into the neck of the bulb; to the platinum wires are soldered other pieces of copper wire, which connect with the brass screw cap and button, insulated from each other by plaster of Paris, that form the base of the lamp. When the filament is inserted in the bulb and the base sealed up, the tube which projects from the top of the bulb is connected to a mercury air-pump to exhaust the air from the bulb; this done, the tube is cut off and the bulb sealed up at the same moment, leaving the little point or cone that is to be seen on the top of all incandescent lamps. There are many intermediate operations in the evolution of the glow lamp, and every part of the work is checked by the most careful supervision, and each lamp is closely examined and tested before being wrapped and packed for shipment. The carbon filaments must be accurately measured and their resistance tested, the platinum wires must be just so long—or rather just so short—and no longer, every joint and connection must be perfect, and every juncture of glass with metal must be rigorously air-tight.

Among the many new industries that electricity has given rise to not the least important is the production of decorative fixtures, both for interior and exterior electric lighting. We shall find several factories given up entirely to this artistic work, and in Fifth Avenue there is a house completely fitted up with magnificent art fixtures in various metals and various styles of work to show how much can be done in decorative electric lighting. The electric glow lamp lends itself to decorative treatment with great facility. It is not confined to one position, like the gas-burner, but can be placed pointing upward or downward or at any angle; it gives off but little heat, and of course no fumes or deleterious gas of any kind; therefore it can cause no damage to any of the objects which surround it. The most delicate shades of lace and silk can be placed over the globe and will suffer no harm, and no burnished gilding or polished metal can be dimmed by its guileless rays. With such a light as this, modern artistic taste can be catered to to its topmost bent, and the artist and the metal-worker have joined forces to make the incandescent lamp equal to the most exacting demands of cultured æsthetic taste. We see fixtures, brackets, pendants, lustres, electroliers, and a host of other supports in all kinds of metal and every style of work. Dull iron for door and hall lamps, hammered copper for the library, bronze for the dining-room, oxidized silver and cut glass for the drawing-room, plain brass for corridors and bedrooms; dragons, griffins, statuettes, scrolls, vines, leaves, and flowers, delicate outlines and graceful curves, massive columns and stanch standards, a profusion of every species of design, belonging to every period and class of art, surround us on all sides. The palatial modern hotel and apartment-house, the great residence of the millionaire and the more humble dwellings of the art connaisseur and the artist, can all be provided from this beautiful collection of decorative electric-light fittings; for among them are designs to suit every taste and every purse, and to harmonize with every style of decoration. We turn with reluctance from the fascinating inspection of the work of artist and skilled artisan to the study of more prosaic branches of the electrical industry that still lie before us.

What may be called the accessories of electric light and power systems are so numerous that the mere cataloguing of them would occupy more time than we can spare for our entire journey through electric-land. There are the huge switchboards for central stations that direct the flow of current from the battery of dynamos into the various circuits, massive slabs of slate bearing an imposing array of gaping jaws and levers of shining brass and copper; smaller switches of all shapes and sizes and designs for the various branch circuits; regulating apparatus of complicated appearance to govern the flow of electricity and prevent uneven burning of the lamps; safety-fuses of all calibres for insertion at different points in the circuit to guard against an overflow of electricity with its destructive effects—in short, a thousand and one ingenious appliances which inventive genius has evolved in building up the electric light and power industry to a safe and certain factor of every-day commercial life. Machines of all kinds, and men and boys of all degrees of skill, are busily engaged in stamping, turning, filing, polishing, fitting, finishing, and assembling the innumerable parts of metal, wood, porcelain, and hard rubber that go to make up all these appliances. To learn the nature and construction and the use of even a few of them would involve a course of training in electrical engineering, and we must fain rest content with the impression that electricity at every step of its path, from dynamo to lamp or motor, is very much better taken care of and more jealously safeguarded than we had any idea of before.

Recognizing the impossibility of following out this branch of electrical manufacture in all its bewildering mechanical details, we make a fresh start, and shape our course for an insulated-wire factory. This part of our investigations has much of interest to reveal to our inquiring minds. It seems impossible to dissociate electricity in any form in which it may be discussed from the subject of wires. Electricity without wires would be like a fish out of water, and the wires form an important and, in fact, indispensable part of every electrical system. The wires have been very much before the public during the past few years, and the servants of the public have been doing their best to reduce the wires to a less prominent position—literally, in fact, to put them out

IN AN INCANDESCENT-LAMP FACTORY.

of sight. To a great extent they have succeeded, but there has been a great deal of talk about it, and we have all heard much about wires that were dangerous and others that were not dangerous, live wires and dead ones, high-tension wires and low-tension wires, wires that were well insulated and wires that were badly insulated or not insulated at all, until most of us were quite surprised to find that so apparently simple a thing as an electric wire could exist in so many different varieties, and could pass through so many stages, from perfect harmlessness to ferocious deadliness.

The wires, then, have a real interest all their own, and in seeing them made we stand a fair chance of getting a little authentic information as to the causes of their apparently strange behavior, and the reasons why they have been reviled and abused so freely, to the detriment of their good reputation as useful members of society.

Wires, of course, are necessary to provide a path for the electric current; they are insulated to prevent the escape or leakage of the current from them. Iron and copper are good conductors of electricity (although copper is very much better than iron); glass, porcelain, rubber, gutta-percha, silk, cotton, paper, bitumen, resinous oils, and various other substances are good non-conductors or insulators; therefore iron and copper are made into wires, and glass, porcelain, rubber, etc., are used for making insulating supports and coverings for the wires. The amount of electricity that a wire will carry without undue heating and loss of energy (because if energy is expended in heating the wire it cannot be used elsewhere) is dependent on the size of the wire. The insulation that a wire requires is dependent on the pressure or tension of the current that the wire is to carry; if the pressure be low, there is no very great tendency for the electricity to leave the wire, and the insulation need not be of extraordinarily high quality; but if the wire be intended to carry a current at a high pressure, the insulation must be of the very best to prevent any risk of the current forcing an escape for itself from its legitimate channel. These few points about wire and insulation we prime ourselves with as we prepare to enter the works where we can see wires of all sizes and kinds in the nascent state, in pristine innocence and blissful ignorance of the fact that soon after they get to work in an uncharitable world the newspapers will call them "deadly," and charge them with incendiarism on the occasion of every mysterious fire.

In a large wire factory we have the opportunity of inspecting every branch of the manufacture of all the various classes of insulated wires and cables that the different applications of electricity demand. There are the ordinary iron and copper wires for overhead work that are part of every landscape—city, suburban, and rural. These are not generally insulated along their entire length, the insulation afforded by the glass or porcelain supports being sufficient to prevent undue leakage of the currents employed in telegraphy and telephony. For in-door work we find wires coated with rubber and water-proof compounds; for underground lines there are heavy cables containing conductors insulated with all sorts of materials, and protected with an outer armoring of lead or iron; for submarine use other heavy cables with rubber or gutta-percha insulated wires bound up with hemp and sheathed with closely laid galvanized iron wires. The conductors used in some of the cables for electric light and power systems are as thick as a fat man's finger, while in a telephone cable contained in a lead tube less than a couple of inches in diameter we see a hundred or more attenuated copper wires twisted up together with no more separation than a thin wrapping of cotton or paper. For the electro-magnets of telegraph and telephone apparatus, and all the various instruments whose principal part is an electro-magnet or a coil of wire in some shape or other, still finer wire is used; some of it, for the cheaper kinds of instruments, such as bells and other household appliances, is insulated with a wrapping of cotton, but he finer wires intended for the winding of high-class apparatus are always insulated with silk. Some of this instrument wire is so extremely fine that even with its silk covering it seems no thicker than a hair, and the idea that a fragile metallic thread can really conduct a useful current of electricity scarcely obtains serious consideration.

To trace an electric wire throughout its evolution from the ingot to the finished coil is an interesting piece of work that need not take us very long if we imbibe our information freely and in deep draughts, as we have been doing so far, without inquiring too closely into all the details of the various processes. The drawing of the wire is much the same as in any other wire-mill; the glowing ingots are drawn through rolls after rolls, gradually lengthening out into long dull red bars, then into rods, and finally into writhing coiling serpents that dart in hot haste through the rolls, as if they would pounce on the men beyond, who deftly turn them aside with their long pincers, and force them back to undergo fresh torture and further attenuation. After much rolling and drawing through dies the wire is done up in coils of definite length. Bare wire has little of interest, and wire-drawing is a process that almost belongs to the ancient history of the industrial arts; what we want to see is the making of electric wires. Electric wires without insulation have none of that element of deadliness that is the spice of modern life, for wires that are "deadly" have always something wrong with their insulation, and we have a natural curiosity to find out just what this insulation is, and how it is made, and why it sometimes permits the deadly nature of the wire to crop out. Let us then at once turn our attention to the processes of insulating wires.

A TROLLEY CANAL-BOAT.

Drawn by T. F. France from a Photograph by the Eastman Kodak Company.

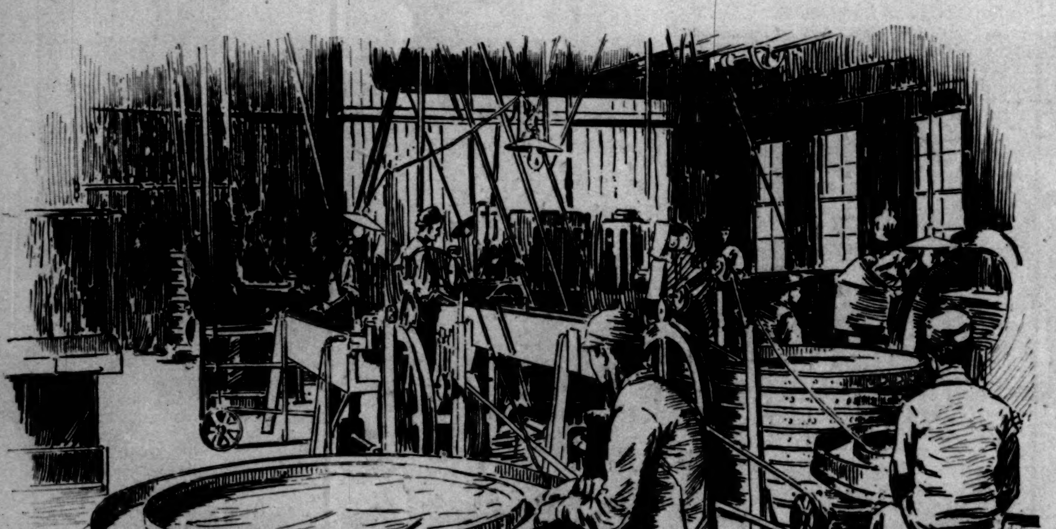
As we have already gathered, there are various kinds of insulating materials, and wires are insulated and protected in various ways, according to the class of electric service they are intended for and the position in which they are to be placed. Some wires are used in places where no moisture can get at them, or they are specially protected against moisture, and are insulated with non-water-proof materials; others have to be laid in the water, and consequently require rubber or gutta-percha insulation; others, again, are intended to conduct low-pressure currents of electricity, and do not demand an insulating material having very high resistance, while still another class are designed for high-pressure circuits, and their insulating covering must be of the most perfect kind, capable of resisting attacks both from within and from without. We first see the fine wires for the winding of instrument magnets and coils; the wire is drawn through the centre of a little machine which has a whirring wheel or disk carrying the bobbins of silk or cotton. As the wire travels on, a close wrapping is laid over it; sometimes the covering, instead of being merely wound on the wire, is braided or plaited, and then the covering-machine has a small regiment of little bobbins, which dodge each other in and out through tortuous twisting paths with a prodigious rattling and clattering. If a single thread breaks, the machine stops automatically, to start up again the instant the operative in charge has joined the ends of the broken thread. The cotton or silk covered wire is sometimes run through a bath of melted paraffine before being wound on the reel; this gives it an additional protection against moisture.

Wires intended for heavier work, for conduction and distribution of currents of various strengths, need a different treatment altogether. We find that the manufacture of insulated wires and cables for electric light and power, telegraph and telephone services, comprises so many processes involving extreme care and accuracy at every stage that it may almost be considered an industrial fine art, although the finished product has nothing artistic about it. We see the huge cakes—or "biscuits," as they are called—of raw rubber put through innumerable grindings and tearings and washings and rollings, until all the impurities that the wily native introduces have been thoroughly extracted, and the homogeneous slab of pure material is the result. Then it is mixed in heated receptacles with other materials, and finally emerges, after perhaps weeks of preparation, a brownish mass of warm sticky compound. Before being applied to the wire it is again masticated and chewed up in steam-heated machines, and forced through a fine strainer to extract any stray impurities that it may have gathered during transit from machine to machine. Then it is passed to another machine, by which it is pressed around the wire, forming a perfectly cylindrical coating, as the wire is drawn through a hole in the die-plate at the end of the little steam-heated cylinder into which the compound is fed. The insulating covering is soft and "tacky" when first put on the wire, and a further process is necessary before it is fit to stand the wear and tear of every-day use. As it emerges from the covering-machine the wire is coiled into large shallow pans, which are afterwards covered up and placed in a vulcanizing chamber, where they are kept subjected to steam heat for several hours. The vulcanizing hardens and toughens the rubber covering, and gives it the wear-resisting qualities, without which it would be useless.

Sometimes pure rubber is laid around the wires, and various layers of compound are put on above before the whole is vulcanized. For some kinds of wire gutta-percha is used instead of rubber compound; other processes lap the covering round the wire in spiral or longitudinal strips, and if we investigate far enough we shall find many variations of the particular process we have seen. The object of all of them, however, is the same—to surround the wire with a compact homogeneous covering of durable insulating material without crack, fissure, or flaw. When the wire emerges from the vulcanizing chamber it is wound on reels, and placed in a water-tank to be tested for insulation. These tests are made with delicate measuring instruments installed in a laboratory in a quiet part of the works. The tests reveal the slightest imperfection in the insulating covering, and any reel found to contain faulty wire is rejected, the defective spot being afterwards searched out and repaired. When the wire is passed by the electrician it is ready for further processes.

It may be made up into any number of different forms before being sent out for sale. For lamp cord or in-door use it is braided with a fancy silk or cotton covering, or if it is to be exposed to the weather it is taped or braided and soaked with a preservative compound. If it is to be made into underground cable it is passed through a machine which encloses it in a tube of lead forced on at an enormous pressure. Or for a submarine cable a giant combination of wheels and reels takes a number of coils of wire in hand, lays them up together in a snug strand, then wraps them around with hemp, and over that winds a closely fitting armor of galvanized iron wires.

In another part of the factory we see telephone cables being made up of hundreds of fine copper wires lightly wrapped with cotton or paper, twisted together in pairs, then laid up by a large machine in regular layers until a compact cable is formed with mathematical nicety. Every wire occupies its proper place, separated just so much from each of its neighbors. No rubber or compound insulation is used here, we learn, because such materials possess electrical properties inimical to telephonic transmission. Fibrous materials insulate the wires from each other sufficiently well, and the thick leaden tube in which the whole cable is enclosed prevents the absorption of moisture by the insulation. Moisture is an enemy to all insulation, and almost every insulating material absorbs water, when it gets the chance, to a greater or less degree. Where rubber compounds are not used because of their cost, other water-proof substances, such as bitumen and heavy oils, have to be employed to give sufficient resistance. The Edison tubes, which every city resident is familiar with, we see being made up of long rods of copper wrapped with hemp and pushed into iron tubes; a hot sticky compound made up of bitumen and other materials is then forced in under pressure, until the covering is thoroughly impregnated and every interstice filled up. Many of the underground cables used for electric lighting are made in this way; the insulation obtained is quite sufficient for all but very high tension currents, and the lead or iron armoring gives efficient protection against moisture. For high-tension currents or for exposed situations rubber insulation of good quality is the best thing, and we learn that a good deal of the obloquy that has been cast upon the "deadly wires" has been caused by the use of a poor quality of insulated wire. Much of the wire used by electric-light companies of an economical turn of mind is of a cheap grade, the covering consisting merely of braid soaked in compound. With exposure to the weather the covering soon rots and absorbs moisture, and whatever insulating properties it may have had to begin with quickly disappear. This class of electrical conductor was at first known as "underwriter's wire," but subsequent developments caused it to be very generally nicknamed "un-



COVERING INSULATED WIRE.

dertaker's wire." Fortunately for all concerned, the demand for it has considerably diminished during the past few years, and electrical companies recognize more than they did the necessity for constructing their circuits with greater care and with the kind of insulated wire most suitable to the class of service they deal in.

Thoroughly primed with a knowledge of the mysteries of electric wire making, we leave the wire factory, with its mazes of fine wire and thick, its whirring machines and clattering reels and bobbins, its sticky compounds and endless processes of covering, treating, vulcanizing, taping, braiding, and armoring, feeling secure that the next time we see a wire being strung up overhead, or a cable being drawn down a manhole into the subway, we shall know just what sort of a wire it is, how it is made, and what kind of a current it is going to be used for, much to the astonishment and edification of our friend on the sidewalk.

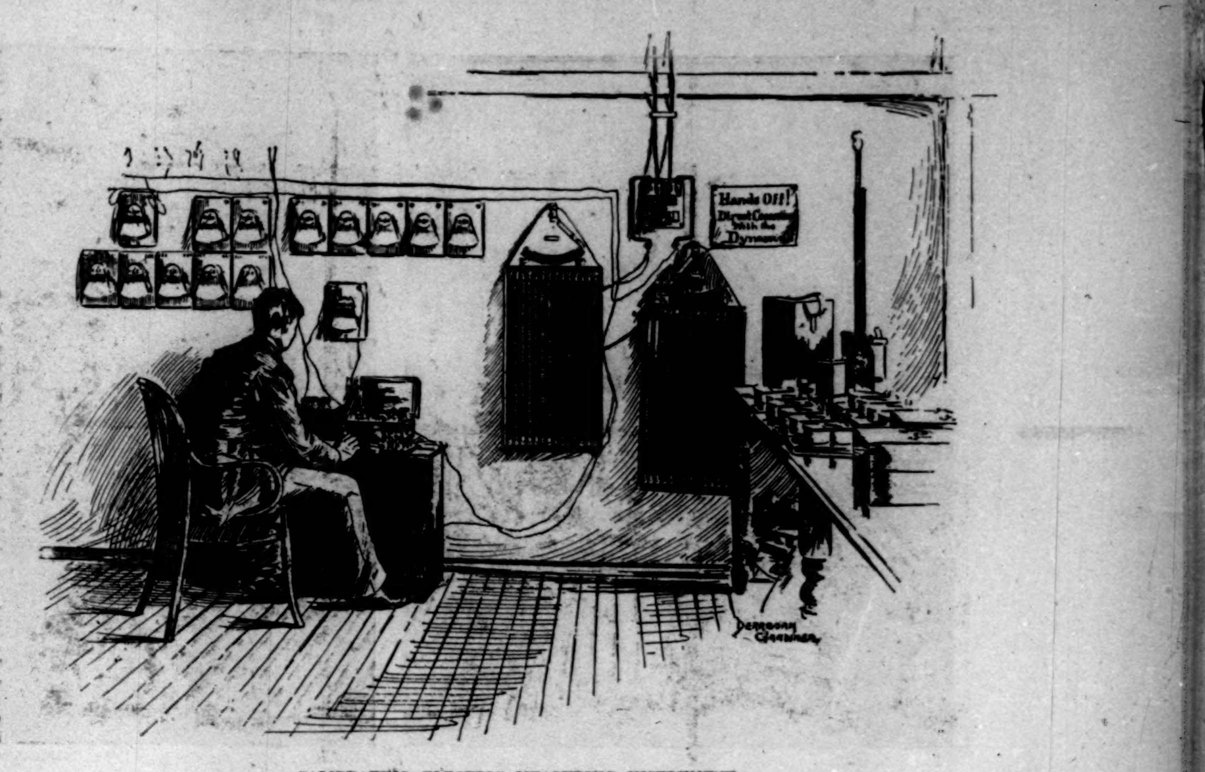
There is one thing more, however, that we must take a look at before we bid good-by to electric-land, and that is the genesis of all the mysterious array of instruments with which the electrician measures the electric current—the galvanometers with which he tests wires and cables and makes all sorts of wonderful measurements that he expresses in terms that are Greek alike to the man who reads the newspapers and to the man who writes for them; the ammeters and volt-meters with which the electrical engineer checks the behavior of his dynamos and watches the drain on his circuits, and the various other meters with which the electric-light company determines the amount of current consumed.

It is all very well, one says, to talk of electrical measuring instruments, but how, one asks, can electricity be measured, since it is something invisible and intangible, and altogether mysterious and incomprehensible? The answer is paradoxical, as one might expect would be the case. Electricity is not measured. It produces certain effects whenever it is present, and by co-ordinating and comparing these effects what are called electric measurements are arrived at; and be it understood, despite the uncertainty as to what electricity really is, these measurements are the most exact and accurate known to the scientific world. A current of electricity flowing in a wire, collected on a plate or surface (in which state it is not a current, but a "charge"), or passing through a liquid will produce certain definite effects, thermic, magnetic, inductive, or chemical; these effects can all be accurately determined, either directly or by comparison with certain standards, and in this manner electrical measurement has been reduced to an exact science.

The galvanometer is one of the most important instruments used for making electrical tests and measurements. It consists of a coil of insulated wire surrounding a magnetized needle balanced on a pivot or suspended by a silk fibre. A current circulating in the coil causes a movement of the needle. We see galvanometers of all shapes and sizes and grades of delicacy being made up. The cheapest and least sensitive form is made with a small coil of wire and ordinary compass needle mounted on a wooden base; from this crude beginning the galvanometer has developed into a costly and beautiful instrument, containing four coils of extremely fine wire, in the centre of which is suspended by a fibre of raw silk a set of tiny magnetized needles a fraction of an inch long. These needles are fixed to a little mirror which reflects a spot of light on a long card-board scale, from which the indications of the instrument are read. These galvanometers are so extraordinarily sensitive that they will actively respond to the merest trace of an electric current, and with their aid the most accurate measurements can be made. The reflecting galvanometer is an imposing-looking instrument, with its case of polished brass and plate-glass and base of gleaming hard rubber, and to accompany it we find an array of other instruments of similarly beautiful finish and scientific appearance. There are switches and keys, all with bases and pillars of hard rubber, and levers, plugs, and plates of bright brass; resistance coils containing miles of fine wire, all carefully insulated, and arranged so that any number of coils can be adjusted in circuit; condensers made up of sheets of tin-foil and mica; and other combinations of wire and brass and hard rubber too bewildering to mention. We are permitted to see the inside of all these mysteries—the coils of wire, the needles, the plates and connections, and brass fittings. To the ordinary observer in the electrical laboratory the instruments are so many mahogany boxes with metal plugs and sockets, and queer-looking brass cases and levers, with which the electrician performs various operations while watching the quivering spot of light on the scale, noting down the results in cabalistic signs and figures that are unintelligible to the uninitiated eye.

In the laboratory where all these instruments are tested and calibrated before being sent out we find a reflecting galvanometer in full swing, flanked with resistance coils, condensers, switches, and keys similar to those we have been inspecting in the various stages of manufacture, and here we soon find out how it all works. The resistance coils and condensers, we learn, are definite standards, like the weights and measures of every-day life; the galvanometer serves as the pointer of a balance to establish comparisons. The electrician in measuring the resistance of a conductor or an insulator compares that resistance with the coils which have a definite known value, and the indications of the galvanometer as he sends a current first through the standard coils and then through the wire to be measured, or through both at the same time, enable him to make his calculations with unerring certainty. If he wishes to know what charge of electricity a wire will hold, the condenser serves as a standard of comparison; the plates of the condenser will hold a certain definite charge, and by comparing the indication given by the galvanometer when the charge is allowed to flow out with the indication produced by the charge flowing out of the wire, he can tell exactly the amount of charge that the wire will hold. There are many other refinements of electrical measurement; the galvanometer will tell the pressure and quantity of the current flowing in a wire, the distance from the end of an insulated conductor of a defective part or break, and a variety of other conditions which belong to electrical machinery, apparatus, and conductors. From all this it appears that the electricians can tell with certainty all about electricity except just what it is.

At this point our journey through electric-land reaches its conclusion. We have not seen all, or nearly all, of the wonders it has to offer those who can devote a month or two to a sojourn within its ever-increasing limits, but in the short time that we have been able to give up to our flying trip we have inspected from the inside many of the machines and appliances that commercial electricity has evolved, and have made a bowing acquaintance with the strange combinations of wires and magnets that previously were utter strangers cloaked with a forbidding air of unapproachableness. The greater part of this prosperous industry has sprung up during the past ten years, and the extension of electric lighting and transmission of power has been so marvellously rapid that electrical manufacturing has progressed with gigantic strides. Electrical factories of all kinds are now to be found in all parts of the country; many of them employ from 400 to 1000 operatives, men, women, and boys. The huge establishments which turn out the products controlled by the great corporations whose names are identified with electrical progress throughout the world—Edison and Thomson-Houston—employ between them a small army of skilled workers, numbering in all about 7000. The entire population of the busy region we have visited is not far short of 30,000 souls; this number of people, be it understood, is engaged solely in the manufacture of electrical devices, not in operating them, for that is a separate branch of the industry altogether. The total amount of capital invested in the making of telegraph and telephone instruments, dynamos, motors, transformers, lamps, and all the other appliances that the electric current is concerned with, reaches the very respectable sum of 150 millions of dollars.



CALIBRATING ELECTRIC MEASURING INSTRUMENT.

ELECTRIC POWER FOR CANAL-BOATS.

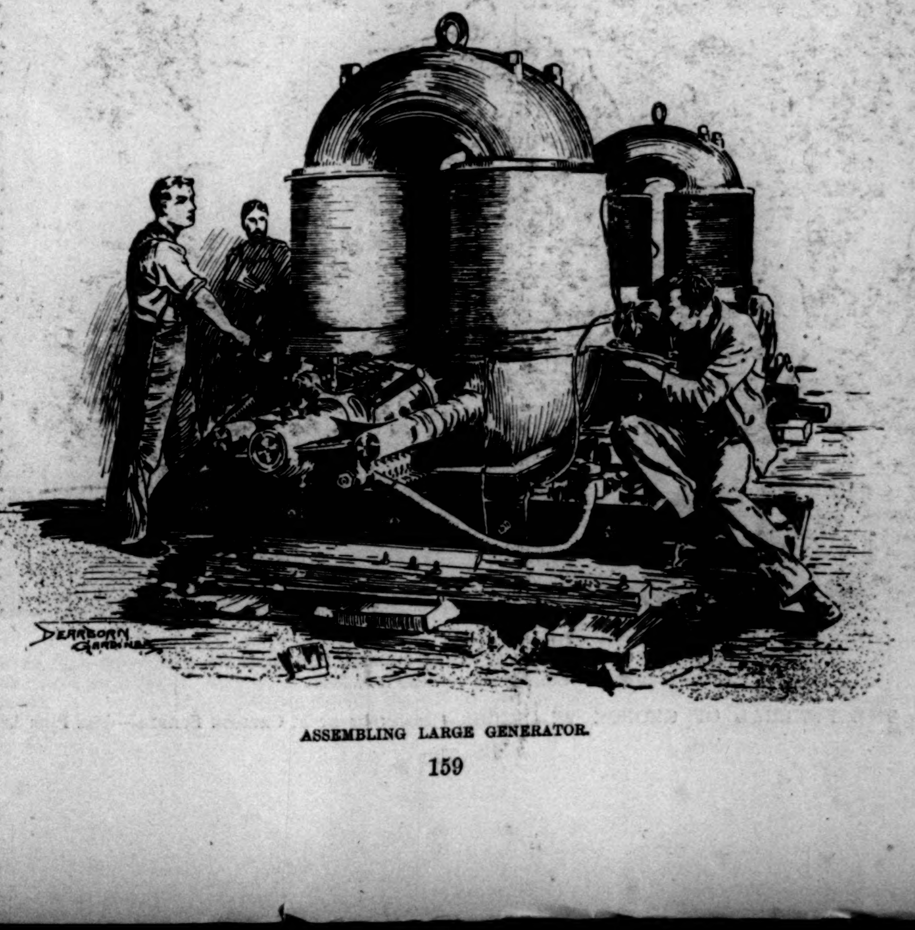
The recent experiments on the Erie Canal, near Rochester, of propelling canal-boats by the electric trolley were so successful that the next year is likely to see other and more complete attempts at the utilization of the same force for the increase of rapid transit on New York's great waterway. While the existing conditions at the recent trial were by no means satisfactory, the electricians and others interested were reasonably satisfied that with improved apparatus the plan would prove a success.

The boat used for the experiment was the *Frank W. Hawley*, a steam canal-boat having a propeller of the antiquated dish-pan type, not one-third of the surface of which, apparently, was active in propelling the boat. In preparing the *Hawley* for the test, the Westinghouse engineers simply removed boilers and engines and replaced them with two twenty-five horse-power Westinghouse street-railway motors of standard type. The motors were connected directly to the propeller shaft, and the connections were made by simply taking out the bolts of the coupling which held the engine shaft and making the coupling to the motor shaft instead of to the engine shaft. In all its essential features, therefore, the boat was a street car on water. It was estimated that the *Hawley* could tow six boats besides carrying its own load. The course over which it ran was one mile long and had several turns, besides passing through one lock, so that all conditions were met with which would be found in actual practice. Two trolleys and two trolley wires were used, one furnishing the current and the other being the return wire to complete the circuit. The actual voltage during the official test was reduced from 200 to 250 with a current of sixty amperes, making about twenty electrical horse-power.

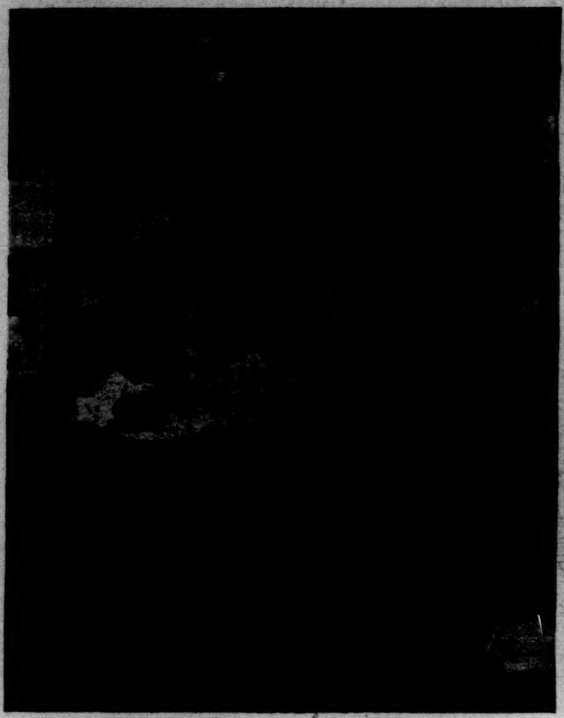
Some difficulty was experienced in steering the boat, as the short trolley poles allowed little deviation from the line either way. In future practice, however, a trolley carriage will be used, connected with the boat by a flexible cord wound on a reel on the deck of the boat, which can be paid out to any length desired, allowing the boat to turn out in passing other boats, to run into dock, etc. In case, as is generally understood, the power at Niagara Falls should be utilized in the future, the Tesla multiphase system of transmission will be adopted, by which the current will go out at a very high potential to transformers placed at convenient points along the canal, these transformers reducing the potential sufficiently for practical working purposes. In actual practice there will be one complete circuit for east-bound boats and another complete circuit for west-bound boats, similar in all respects to the double trolley for double-track street railways.

When it is considered that the average speed of canal-boats with mule or horse power does not exceed two miles per hour, and that the aggregate amount of freight now carried annually on the New York State canals reaches nearly 5,000,000 tons, it is apparent that the saving of but the fraction of a dollar per ton would amount to a very large sum. It will hardly be safe to increase the speed beyond three or four miles an hour on the Erie until the long-advocated deepening of the canal from seven to nine feet is accomplished.

"The employment of the double-trolley system used in the test," says a well-known authority upon electrical matters, "will scarcely be found to fulfil all the requirements of actual practice. It was here resorted to evidently as a makeshift to avoid the use of a ground-plate, the life of which with the electrolyzing current will prove to be but very short. With the long stretches which will have to be served with current, whether from central power stations situated at Niagara or distributed along the line, there seems every likelihood of the alternating current best fulfilling the conditions of practical work. Its employment will at once admit of running at approved high potential for the feeders, and will also obviate all trouble with ground plates."



ASSEMBLING LARGE GENERATOR.



MR. CHILDS IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

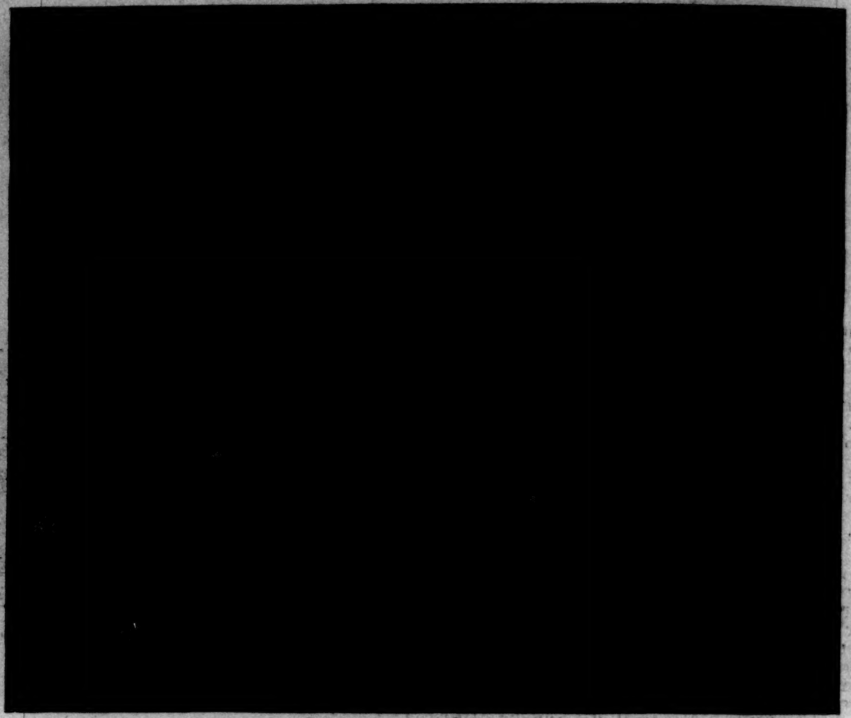


Table and Chair formerly the Property of George Washington.

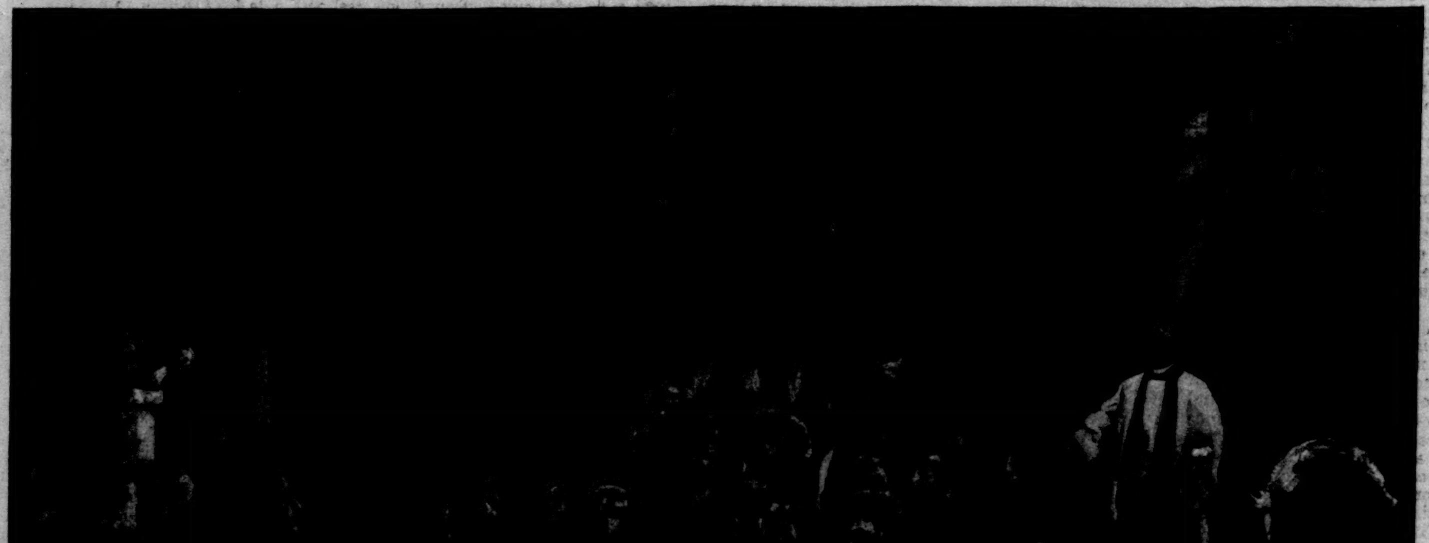
MR. CHILDS' NEW PRIVATE OFFICE, JUST FINISHED.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT THE DREXEL MAUSOLEUM.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

He stood beside his fellow-man and asked,
"What needest thou?"—then gave with freest hand;
But not of gold alone; the greater part
Of what he gave was as the quiet rain
That blesseth all the thirsty ground—it fell
And quenched the sorrows in a thousand hearts
With sympathy and love unspeakable.
He held all things in trust for God; each day
Was filled with kindnesses that live and move
And gather majesty—now that he is gone—
And will increase, till sages, yet to come,
Will point the youth to where his humblest deed
Illuminates the path to God, and say,
"Learn from that life the way to live and die."

W. Bradway.



THE SERVICES IN ST. JAMES CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.
Bishop Potter delivering the Address.

THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.—Drawings by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 147.]

PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the north side of the old tavern was a great cherry orchard. In years back it had been a source of considerable revenue to Silas Berry, but for some seasons his returns from it had been very small. The cherries had rotted on the branches, or the robins had eaten them, for Silas would not give them away. Rose and her mother would smuggle a few small baskets of cherries to Sylvia Crane and Mrs. Barnard, but Silas's displeasure, had he found them out, would have been great. "I ain't a-goin' to give them cherries away to nobody," he would proclaim. "If folks don't want 'em enough to pay for 'em they can go without."

Many a great cherry picnic had been held in Silas Berry's orchard. Parties had come in great rattling wagons from all the towns about, and picked cherries and ate their fill at a most overreaching and exorbitant price.

There were no cherries like those in Silas Berry's orchard in all the country roundabout. There was no competition, and for many years he had had it all his own way. The young people's appetite for cherries and their zeal for pleasure had overcome their indignation at his usury. But at last Silas's greed got the better of his financial shrewdness; he increased his price for cherries every season, and the year after the tavern closed it became so preposterous that there was a rebellion. It was headed by Thomas Payne, who, as the squire's son and the richest and most forehanded young man in town, could incur no suspicion of parsimony. Going one night to the old tavern to make terms with Silas for the use of his cherry orchard, for a party which included some of his college friends from Boston and his fine young-lady cousin from New York, and hearing the preposterous sum which Silas stated as final, he had turned on his heel with a strong word under his breath. "You can eat your cherries yourself and be ——," said Thomas Payne, and was out of the yard with the gay swagger which he had learned along with his Greek and Latin at college. The next day Silas saw the party in Squire Payne's big wagon, with Thomas driving, and the cousin's pink cheeks and white plumed hat conspicuous in the midst, pass merrily on their way to a cherryless picnic at a neighboring pond, and the young college men shouted out a doggerel couplet which the wit of the party had made and set to a rough tune.

"Who lives here?" the basses demanded in grim melody, and the tenors responded, "Old Silas Berry, who charges sixpence for a cherry."

Silas heard the mocking refrain repeated over and over between shouts of laughter long after they were out of sight.

Rose, who had not been bidden to the picnic, heard it and wept as she peered around her curtain at the gay party. William, who had also not been bidden, stormed at his father, and his mother joined him.

"You're jest a-puttin' your own eyes out, Silas Berry," said she; "you hadn't no business to ask such a price for them cherries; it's more than they are worth; folks won't stand it. You asked too much for 'em last year."

"I know what I'm about," returned Silas, sitting in his arm-chair at the window, with dogged chin on his breast.

"You wait an' see," said Hannah. "You've jest put your own eyes out."

And after-events proved that Hannah was right. Silas Berry's cherry orchard was subjected to a species of ostracism in the village. There were no more picnics held there, people would buy none of his cherries, and he lost all the little income which he had derived from them. Hannah often twitted him with it. "You can see now that what I told you was true," said she; "you put your own eyes out." Silas would say nothing in reply; he would simply make an animal sound of defiance like a grunt in his throat, and frown. If Hannah kept on, he would stump heavily out of the room, and swing the door back with a bang.

This season Hannah had taunted her husband more than usual with his ill-judged parsimony in the matter of the cherries. The trees were quite loaded with the small green fruit, and there promised to be a very large crop. One day Silas turned on her. "You wait," said he; "mebbe I know what I'm about, more'n you think I do."

Hannah scowled with sharp interrogation at her husband's shrewdly leering face. "What be you a-goin' to do?" she demanded. But she got no more out of him.

One morning about two weeks before the cherries were ripe Silas went halting in a casual way across the south yard toward his daughter Rose, who was spreading out some linen to bleach. He picked up a few stray sticks on the way, ostentatiously, as if that were his errand.

Rose was spreading out the lengths of linen in a wide sunny space just outside the shade of the cherry-trees. Her father paused, tilted his head back, and eyed the trees with a look of innocent reflection. Rose glanced at him, then she went on with her work.

"Guess there's goin' to be considerable many cherries this year," remarked her father, in an affable and confidential tone.

"I guess so," replied Rose, shortly, and she flapped out an end of the wet linen. The cherries were a sore subject with her.

"I guess there's goin' to be more than common," said Silas, still gazing up at the green boughs full of green fruit clusters.

Rose made no reply; she was down on her knees in the grass stretching the linen straight.

"I've been thinkin'," her father continued, slowly, "that—mebbe you'd like to have a little—party, an' ask some of the young folks, an' eat some of 'em when they get ripe. You could have four trees to pick off of."

"I should think we'd had enough of cherry parties," Rose cried out, bitterly.

"I didn't say nothin' about havin' 'em pay anything," said her father.

Rose straightened herself and looked at him incredulously. "Do you mean it, father?" said she.

"'Ain't I jest said you might, if you wanted to?"

"Do you mean to have them come here and not pay, father?"

"There ain't no use tryin' to sell any of 'em," replied Silas. "You can talk it over with your mother, an' do jest as you're a mind to about it, that's all. If you want to have a few of the young folks over here when them cherries are ripe, you can have four of them trees to pick off of. I ain't got no more to say about it."

Silas turned in a peremptory and conclusive manner. Rose fairly gasped as she watched his stiff one-sided progress across the yard. The vague horror of the unusual stole over her. A new phase of her father's character stood between her and all her old memories like a supernatural presence. She left the rest of the linen in the basket and sought her mother in the house. "Mother!" she called out, in a cautious voice, as soon as she entered the kitchen. Mrs. Berry's face looked inquiringly out of the pantry, and Rose motioned her back, went in herself, and shut the door.

"What be you a-shuttin' the door for?" asked her mother, wonderingly.

"I don't know what has come over father."

"What do you mean, Rose Berry? He 'ain't had another shock?"

"I'm dreadful afraid he's going to! I'm dreadful afraid something's going to happen to him!"

"I'd like to know what you mean?" Mrs. Berry was quite pale.

"Father says I can have a cherry party, and they needn't pay anything."

Her mother stared at her. "He didn't!"

"Yes, he did."

They looked in each other's eyes, with silent renewals of doubt and affirmation. Finally Mrs. Berry laughed. "H'm! Don't you see what your father's up to?" she said.

"No, I don't. I'm scared."

"You needn't be. You ain't very cute. He's an old head. He thinks if he has this cherry party for nothin' folks will overlook that other affair, an' next year they'll buy the cherries again. Mebbe he thinks they'll buy the other trees this year after the party. How many trees did he say you could have?"

"Four. Maybe that is it."

"Of course 'tis. Your father's an old head. Well, you'd better ask 'em. They won't see through it, and it 'll make things pleasanter. I've felt bad enough about it. I guess Mis' Thayer won't look down on us quite so much if we ask a party here and let 'em eat cherries for nothin'. It's more'n she'd do, I'll warrant."

"Maybe they won't any of them come," said Rose.

"H'm! Don't you worry about that. They'll come fast enough. I never see any trouble yet about folks comin' to get anything good that they didn't have to pay for."

Rose and her mother calculated how many to invite to the party. They decided to include all the available young people in Pembroke.

"We might jest as well while we're about it," said Han-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1963.

nah, judiciously. "There are cherries enough, and the Lord only knows when your father 'll have another freak like this. I guess it's like an eclipse of the sun, an' won't come again very soon."

Within a day or two all the young people had been bidden to the cherry party, and, as Mrs. Berry had foretold, accepted. Their indignation was not proof against the prospect of pleasure; and, moreover, they all liked Rose and William, and would not have refused on their account.

The week before the party, when the cherries were beginning to turn red, and the robins had found them out, was an arduous one to little Ezra Ray, a young brother of Tommy Ray who tended in Silas Berry's store. He was hired for twopence to sit all day in the cherry orchard and ring a cow-bell whenever the robins made excursions into the trees. From earliest dawn when the birds were first astir, until they sought their little nests, did Ezra sit uncomfortably upon a hard peaked rock in the midst of the orchard and jingle his bell.

He was white-headed, and large of his age like his brother. His pale blue eyes were gravely vacant under his thick white thatch; his chin dropped; his mouth gaped with stolid patience. There was no mitigation for his dull task; he was not allowed to keep his vigil on a comfortable branch of a tree with the mossy trunk for a support to his back, lest he might be tempted to eat of the cherries, and turn pal of the robins instead of enemy. He dared not pull down any low bough and have a surreptitious feast, for he understood well that there were likely to be sharp eyes at the rear windows of the house, that it was always probable that old Silas Berry, of whom he was in mortal fear, might be standing at his back, and, moreover, he should be questioned, and had not falsehood for refuge, for he was a good child, and would be constrained to speak the truth.

They would not let him have a gun instead of a bell, although he pleaded hard. Could he have sat there presenting a gun like a sentry on duty, the week in spite of discomfort and deprivations would have been full of glory and excitement. As it was, the dulness and monotony of the jingling of the cow-bell made even his stupid childish mind dismal. All the pleasant exhilaration of youth seemed to have deserted the boy, and life to him became as inane and bovine as to the original ringer of that bell grazing all the season in her own shadow over the same pasture-ground.

And more than all, that twopence for which Ezra toiled so miserably was to go toward the weaving of a rag carpet which his mother was making, and for which she was saving every penny. He could not lay it out in red and white sugar-sticks at the store. He sat there all the week, and every time there was a whir of little brown wings and the darting flash of a red breast among the cherry branches he rang in frantic haste the old cow-bell. All the solace he obtained was an occasional robin-pecked cherry which he found in the grass, and then Mr. Berry questioned him severely when he saw stains around his mouth and on his fingers.

He was on hand early in the morning on the day of the cherry picnic, trudging half awake, with the taste of breakfast in his mouth, through the acres of white dewy grass. He sat on his rock until the grass was dry, and patiently jingled his cow-bell. It was to young Ezra Ray, although all unwittingly, as if he himself were assisting in the operations of nature. He watched so assiduously that it was as if he dried the dewy grass and ripened the cherries.

When the cherry party began to arrive he still sat on his rock and jingled his bell; he did not know when to stop. But his eyes were upon the assembling people rather than upon the robins. He watched the brave young men whose ignominy of boyhood was past, bearing ladders and tossing up shining tin pails as they came. He watched the girls swinging their little straw baskets daintily; his stupidly wondering eyes followed especially Rebecca Thayer. Rebecca in her black muslin, with her sweet throat fairly dazzling above the half-low bodice, and wound about twice with a slender gold chain, with her black silk apron embroidered with red roses, and her beautiful face glowing with rich color between the black folds of her hair, held the instinctive attention of the boy. He stared at her as she stood talking to another girl with her back quite turned upon all the young men, until his own sister touched him upon the shoulder with a sharp nudge of a bony little hand.

Amelia Ray's face, blonde like her brother's, but sharp with the sharpness of the thin and dark, was thrust into his. "You must go right home now," declared her high voice. "Mother said so."

"I'm going to stay and help pick 'em," said Ezra, in a voice which was not affirmative.

"No, you ain't."

"I can climb the trees."

"You've got to go right straight home. Mother wants you to wind balls for the rag carpet."

And then Ezra Ray, with disconsolate gaping face over his shoulder, retreated with awkward lopes across the field, the cow-bell accompanying his steps with doleful notes.

There were about forty young people at the party when all were assembled. They came mostly in couples, although now and then a little group of girls advanced across the field, and a young man came singly. Barnabas Thayer came alone, and rather late; Rebecca had come some time before with one of her girl mates who had stopped for her. Barnabas, slender and handsome in his best suit, advancing with a stern and almost martial air, tried not to see Charlotte Barnard, but it was as if her face were the natural focus for his eyes, which they could not escape. However, Charlotte was not talking to Thomas Payne; he was not even very near her. He was already in the top of a cherry-tree picking busily. Barney saw his trim light head and his bright blue waistcoat among the branches, and his heart gave a guilty throb of relief. But soon he noted that Charlotte had not her basket, and the conviction seized him that Thomas had it and was filling it with the very choicest cherries from the topmost branches, as was indeed the case.

Charlotte never looked at Barney, although she knew well when he came. She stood smilingly beside another girl, her smooth fair hair gleaming in the sun, her neck showing pink through her embroidered lace kerchief, and her gleaming head and her neck seemed to survey Barney as consciously as her face. Suddenly the fierceness of the instinct of possession seized him; he said to himself that it was his wife's neck; no one else should see it. He felt like tearing off his own coat and covering her with rude force. It made no difference to him that nearly every other girl there, his sister among the rest, wore her neck uncovered by even a kerchief, he felt that Charlotte should not have done so. The other young men were swarming up the trees with the girls' baskets, but he stood aloof with his forehead knitted; it was as if all his reason had deserted him. All at once there was a rustle at his side, and Rose Berry touched him on the arm; he started, and looked down into her softly glowing little face.

"Oh, here you are!" said she, and her voice had adoring cadences.

Barney nodded.

"I was afraid you weren't coming," said she, and she panted softly through her red parted lips.

Rose's crisp pink muslin gown flared scalloping around her like the pink petals of a hollyhock; her slender white arms showed through the thin sleeves. Barney could not look away from her wide-open unfaltering blue eyes, which suddenly displayed to him strange depths. Charlotte during all his courtship had never looked up in his face like that. He could not himself have told why; but Charlotte had never for one moment lost sight of the individual and the respect due him in her lover. Rose in the heart of New England, bred after the precepts of orthodoxy, was a pagan, and she worshipped Love himself. Barney was simply the statue that represented the divinity; another might have done as well had the sculpture been as fine.

"I told you I was coming," Barney said, slowly, and his voice sounded odd to himself.

"I know you did, but I was afraid you wouldn't."

Rose still held her basket. Barney reached out for it. "Let me get some cherries for you," he said.

"Oh, I guess you hadn't better," Rose returned, holding the basket firmly.

"Why not?"

"I'm—afraid Charlotte won't like it," Rose said. Her face upturned to Barney was full of pitiful seriousness, like a child's.

"Give me the basket," demanded Barney, and she yielded. She stood watching him as he climbed the nearest tree; then she turned and met Charlotte's stern eyes full upon her. Rose went under the tree herself, pulled down a low branch, and began to eat; several other girls were doing the same. Thomas Payne passed the tree, bearing carefully Charlotte's little basket heaped with the finest cherries. Rose tossed her head defiantly. "She needn't say anything," she thought.

The morning advanced, the sun stood high, and there was a light wind, which now and then caused the cherry leaves to smite the faces of the pickers. There were no robins in the trees that morning, there were only swift whirs of little wings in the distance, and sweet flurried calls which were scarcely noted in the merry clamor of the young men and girls.

Silas Berry stood a little aloof, leaning on a stout cane, looking on with an inscrutable expression on his dry old face. He noted everything; he saw Rose talking to Barney; he saw his son William eating cherries with Rebecca Thayer out of one basket; but his expression never changed. The predominant trait in his whole character had seemed to mould his face to itself unchangeably, as the face of a hunting-dog is moulded to his speed and watchfulness.

"Don't Mr. Berry look just like an old miser?" a girl whispered to Rebecca Thayer; then she started and blushed confusedly, for she remembered suddenly that William Berry was said to be waiting upon Rebecca, and she also remembered that Charlotte Barnard, who was within hearing distance, was his niece.

Rebecca blushed too. "I never thought of it," she said, in a constrained voice.

"Well, I don't know as he does," apologized the girl. "I suppose I thought of it because he's thin. I always had an idea that a miser was thin." Then she slipped away, and presently whispered to another girl what a mistaken speech she had made, and they put their heads together with soft averted giggles.

The girls had brought packages of luncheon in their baskets, which they had removed to make space for the cherries, and left with Mrs. Berry in the tavern. At noon they sent the young men for them, and prepared to have dinner at a little distance from the trees where they had been picking, where the ground was clean. William and Rose also went up to the tavern, and Rose beckoned to Barney as she passed him. "Don't you want to come?" she whispered, as he followed hesitatingly; "there's something to carry."

When the party returned, Mrs. Berry was with them, and she and Rose bore between them a small tub of freshly fried hot doughnuts. Mrs. Berry had utterly refused to trust it to the young men. "I know better than to let you have it," she said, laughing. "You'd eat all the way there, and there wouldn't be enough left to go round. Me and Rose will carry it; it ain't very heavy." William and Barney each bore two great jugs of molasses and water spiced with ginger.

Silas pulled himself up stiffly when he saw them coming; he had been sitting upon the peaked rock whereon Ezra Ray had kept vigil with the cow-bell. Full of anxiety had he been all day lest they should pick from any except the four trees which he had set apart for them, and his anxiety was greater since he knew that the best cherries were not on those four trees. Silas sidled painfully toward his wife and daughter; he peered over into the tub, but they swung it remorselessly past him, even knocking his shin with its iron-bound side.

"What you got there?" he demanded, huskily.

"Don't you say one word," returned his wife, with a fierce shake of her head at him.

"What's in them jugs?"

"It's nothing but sweetened water. Don't, father," pleaded Rose under her breath, her pretty face flaming.

Her mother scowled indomitably at Silas tagging threateningly at her elbow. "Don't you say one word," she whispered again.

"You ain't goin' to—give 'em—!"

"Don't you speak," she returned, hissing out the s.

Silas said no more. He followed on, and watched the doughnuts being distributed to the merry party seated in a great ring like a very garland of youth under his trees; he saw them drink his sweetened water.

"Don't you want some?" asked his wife's defiantly pleasant voice in his ear.

"No, I don't want none," he returned.

Finally, long before they had finished eating, he went home to the tavern. There was no one in the house. He stole cautiously into the pantry, and there was a reserve of doughnuts in a large milk-pan sitting before the window. Silas crooked his old arm around the pan, carried it painfully across the great kitchen and the entry into the best room, and pushed it far under the bureau. Then he returned and concealed the molasses-jug in the brick oven. He stood for a minute in the middle of the kitchen floor, chuckling and nodding as if to the familiar and confidential spirits of his own greed; then he went out, and a short way down the road to the cottage house where old Hiram Baxter lived and kept a little shoemaker's shop in the L. He entered, and sat down in the little leather-reeking place with Hiram, and was safe and removed from inquiry when Mrs. Berry returned to the tavern for the remaining doughnuts and to mix more sweetened water. The doughnuts could not be found, but she carried a pail across to the store, got more molasses from the barrel, and so in one point outwitted her husband.

Mrs. Berry was famous for her rich doughnuts, and the first supply had been quite exhausted. William went up to her at once when she returned to the party. "Where's the rest of the doughnuts?" he whispered.

"Your father's hid 'em," she whispered back. "Hush, don't say anything."

William scowled, and made an exclamation. "The old—"

"Hush," whispered his mother again; "go up to the house and get the sweetened water. I've mixed another jug."

"Where is he?" demanded William.

"I dun'no'. He ain't to the store."

William strode off across the field, and he searched through the house with an angry stamping and banging of doors, but he could not find his father or the doughnuts. "Father," he called, in an angry shout, standing in the doorway, "Father!" But there was no reply, and he went back to the others with the jug of sweetened water. Rebecca watched him with furtive anxious eyes, but he avoided looking at her. When he passed her a tumbler of sweetened water she took it and thanked him fervently, but he did not seem to heed her at all.

After dinner they played romping games under the trees —hunt the slipper, and button, and Copenhagen. Mrs. Barnard and two other women had come over to see the festivity, and they sat at a little distance with Mrs. Berry, awkwardly disposed against the trunks of trees, with their feet tucked under their skirts to keep them from the damp ground.

Copenhagen was the favorite game of the young people, and they played on and on while the afternoon deepened. Clinging to the rope they formed a struggling ring, looping this way and that way as the pursuers neared them. Their laughter and gay cries formed charming discords, their radiant faces had the likeness of one family of flowers, through their one expression. The wind blew harder, the girls' muslin skirts clung to their limbs as they moved against it, and flew out around their heels in fluttering ruffles. The cherry boughs tossed over their heads full of crisp whispers among their dark leaves and red fruit clusters. Over across the field, under the low-swaying boughs, showed the old red wall of the tavern, and against it a great mass of blooming phlox, all vague with distance like purple smoke. Over on the left, fence rails glistened purple in the sun and wind, a bluebird sat on a crumbling post and sang. But the young men and girls playing Copenhagen saw and heard nothing of it.

They heard only that one note of love which all unwittingly, and whether they would or no, they sang to each other through all the merry game. Charlotte heard it whether she would or not, and so did Barney, and it produced in them as in the others a reckless exhilaration in spite of their sadness. William Berry forgot all his mortification and annoyance as he caught Rebecca's warm fingers on the rope and bent over her red averted cheek. Barney, when he had grasped Rose's hands, which had fairly swung the rope his way, kissed her with an ardor which had in it a curious fierce joy, because at that moment he caught a glimpse of Thomas Payne's handsome audacious face meeting Charlotte's.

Barney had not wished to play, but he played with zeal, only he never seemed to see Charlotte's fingers on the rope, and Charlotte never saw his. The girls' cheeks flushed deeper, their smooth locks became roughened. The laughter waxed louder and longer; the matrons looking on doubled their broad backs with responsive merriment. It became like a little bacchanalian rout in a New England field on a summer afternoon, but they did not know it in their simple hearts.

At six o'clock the mist began to rise, the sunlight streamed through the trees in slanting golden shafts, long drawn out like organ chords. The young people gathered up their pails and baskets and went home, flocking down the road together, calling back farewells to Rose and William and their mother, who stood in front of the tavern watching them out of sight.

They were not quite out of sight when they came to Hiram Baxter's little house, and Silas Berry emerged from the shop door. "Hullo!" he cried out, and they all stopped, smiling at him with a cordiality which had in it a savor of apology. Indeed, Thomas Payne had just remarked, with a hearty chorus of assents, that he guessed the old man wasn't so bad after all.

Silas advanced toward them; he also was smiling. He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and drew out a roll of paper which he shook out with trembling fingers. He stepped close to Thomas Payne and extended it.

"What is it?" asked the young man.

Silas smiled up in his face with the ingenuous smile of a child.

"What is it?" Thomas Payne asked again.

The others crowded around.

"It's nothin' but the bill," replied Silas, in a wheedling whisper. His dry old face turned red, his smile deepened.

"The bill for what?" demanded Thomas Payne, and he seized the paper.

"For the cherries you eat," replied Silas. "I've always been in the habit of chargin' more, but I've took off a leetle this time." His voice had a ring of challenge, his eyes were sharp, while his mouth smiled.

Thomas Payne scowled over the bill. The other young men peered at it over his shoulder, and repeated the amount with whistles and half-laughs of scorn and anger. The girls ejaculated to each other in whispers. Silas stood impervious, waiting.

The young men whipped out their purses without a word, but Thomas motioned them back. "I'll pay, and we'll settle afterward. We can't divide up here," he said, and he crammed some money hard in Silas's eagerly outstretched hand. "Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Berry," said Thomas Payne, his face all flaming and his eyes flashing, but his voice quite steady. "I hope you'll have as good luck selling your cherries next year."

There was a little exulting titter over the sarcasm among the girls, in which Rebecca did not join, then the party kept on. The indignant clamor waxed loud in a moment; they scarcely waited for the old man's back to be turned on his return to the tavern.

But the young people, crying out all altogether against this last unparalleled meanness, had not reached the foot of the hill, where some of them separated, when they heard the

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quick pound of running feet behind them and a hoarse voice calling on Thomas Payne to stop. They all turned, and William came up pale and breathing hard. "What did you pay him?" he asked of Thomas Payne.

"See here, William, we all know you had nothing to do with it," Thomas cried out.

"What did you pay him?" William repeated, in a stern gasp.

"It's all right."

"You tell me what you paid him."

Thomas Payne blushed all over his handsome boyish face. He half-whispered the amount to William, although the others knew it as well as he.

William pulled out his purse, and counted out some money with trembling fingers. "Take it, for God's sake," said he, and Thomas Payne took it. "We all know that you knew nothing about it," he said again. The others chimed in with eager assent, but William gave his head a shake, as if he shook off water, and broke away from them all, and pelted up the hill with his heart so bitterly sore that it seemed as if he trod on it at every step.

A voice was crying out behind him, but he never heeded. There were light hurrying steps after him, and a soft flutter of girlish skirts, but he never looked away from his own self until Rebecca touched his arm. Then he looked around with a start and a great blush, and jerked his arm away.

But Rebecca followed him up quite boldly, and caught his arm again, and looked up in his face. "Don't you feel bad," said she; "don't you feel bad. You ain't to blame."

"Ain't he my father?"

"You ain't to blame for that."

"Disgrace comes without blame," said William, and he moved on.

Rebecca kept close to his side, clinging to his arm. "It's your father's way," said she. "He's honest, anyway. Nobody can say he ain't honest."

"It depends upon what you call honest," William said, bitterly. "You'd better run back, Rebecca. You don't want them to think you're going with me, and they will. I'm disgraced, and so is Rose. You'd better run back."

Rebecca stopped, and he did also. She looked up in his face; her mouth was quivering with a kind of helpless shame, but her eyes were full of womanly courage and steadfastness. "William," said she, "I ran away in the face and eyes of them all to comfort you. They saw me, and they can see me now, but I don't care. And I don't care if you see me; I always have cared, but I don't now. I have always been terribly afraid lest you should think I was running after you; but I ain't afraid now. Don't you feel bad, William. That's all I care about. Don't you feel bad; nobody is going to think any less of you. I don't; I think more."

William looked down at her; there was a hesitating appeal in his face, as in that of a hurt child. Suddenly Rebecca raised both her arms and put them around his neck; he leaned his cheek down against her soft hair. "Poor William," she whispered, as if he had been her child instead of her lover.

A girl in the merry party speeding along at the foot of the hill glanced around just then; she turned again, blushing hotly, and touched a girl near her, who also glanced around. Then their two blushing faces confronted each other with significant half-shamed smiles of innocent young girlhood. They locked arms, and whispered as they went on. "Did you see?" "Yes." "His head?" "Yes." "Her arms?" "Yes." Neither had ever had a lover.

But the two lovers at the top of the hill paid no heed. The party were all out of sight when they went slowly down in the gathering twilight. William left Rebecca when they came opposite her house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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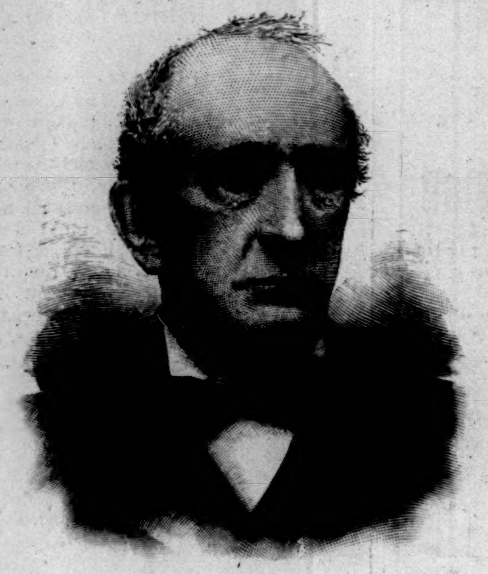


HENRY M. RICE.

A COMMANDING FIGURE.

ONE of the noblest characters in the history of that vast region which, for want of a better designation, we call the great Northwest, was buried last week in the city of St. Paul, after one of the most impressive funeral services ever held in that city. Henry M. Rice, the man to whom so many men distinguished in the life of the Northwest paid the last tribute of mortal regard, had been for nearly a half-century a commanding figure in the life of this section of the country. He was a man of the people. He never forgot that he was of the people. Whether he was engaged in the duties of a Senator of the United States—in some of the years when to that body were intrusted vast responsibilities—in the House of Representatives as a delegate from Territorial Minnesota, or whether he was engaged in the often delicate and always important work of negotiating treaties with the Indians of the West, he ever maintained his firm belief in and loyal devotion to the interests of the people.

He was a man unique among the men of his generations. He left an indelible impress upon the West, commercial, geographical—indeed, moral. In his work in the House of Representatives and the Senate he lost no opportunity to further the interests of his section of the country, and so winning was his personality, so skilful his diplomacy, so thoroughly honest his methods, that he was enabled to win where a man of lesser stature and strength would have failed.

A Democrat of the Democrats from young-manhood to death, he was always a stanch supporter of the national government.

Mr. Rice was seventy-eight years of age when he died. He had gone to San Antonio to escape the rigors of the Minnesota winter, but died there January 15th. He was born in Vermont in 1816, and after coming to Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he lived for some time in the family of the then prominent General Burdick, he left Michigan—this in 1837—and walked with pack on back two hundred miles further West. He was employed in the location of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, was associated with one of the large fur companies on reaching St. Paul, and his great influence with the Indians throughout the whole Northwest resulted in his being selected in 1846 to negotiate a treaty between the United States and the Winnebagoes for their Iowa reservation. For the next twenty-five years, in addition to all his Congressional and other duties, he aided in making treaties with the Indians of the West and Northwest, notably with the Sioux, Chippewas, and Pillagers.

He possessed in a more marked degree, perhaps, than any other white man in the United States the confidence and love of the Indians.

It is a matter of interest that he secured the passage of the enabling act whereby Minnesota advanced to Statehood.

In his municipal life Mr. Rice was no less honored than in national affairs. He was at different times president of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, president of the State Historical Society, and a member of the Board of Regents of the State University. He introduced in Congress the initial bill providing for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and made in 1858 the first speech in favor of that road. The first Democratic convention of the Territory of Minnesota met in his house.

Personally he was a most delightsome man—courteous, kindly, sympathetic, cordial.

One of the strongest characters in the section of the country in which he lived passed out of current life in the death of the Hon. Henry M. Rice. W. S. HARWOOD.

THE YOUNGER MURPHY.

WHEN in October a Southern girl chanced to visit a Connecticut city, and was surprised to see blue ribbons and buttons on so many street passers as she rode up from the station, she asked, in her innocence, "if the football season opened earlier than usual this year." Her only explanation of the universality of the blue was that one of the "big games" was about to come off, and everybody was sporting the Yale colors. She was not aware that the temperance campaign of the younger Murphy—Thomas Edward, known wherever he appears as "Ned," son of Francis Murphy, the veteran temperance worker—had so dominated many parts of Connecticut that its badge of blue visibly divides the allegiance claimed exclusively by Yale.

The story of "Ned" Murphy's campaign in Connecticut, now about a year old, can be told briefly so far as mere figures can tell it. The total number of pledge-signers is about 80,000. This army of blue-ribbon wearers is thus distributed among the principal cities of the State: New Haven, 12,000; Hartford, 15,000; Waterbury, 10,000; Meriden, 6000; New Britain, 5000; Willimantic, 2500; Middletown, 3000; Winsted, 1500. The remaining thousands are distributed among the smaller towns, especially manufacturing places, which have been visited *en route*, sometimes only for a single night. While it is no doubt true that a very large percentage of these blue-ribbon wearers are women, children, and men who were, in the real sense of an abused word, "moderate drinkers," it is also true that a very great number of them were incipient drunkards, and working-men who drank to excess, wasting the money needed for the support of their families. The persistence of the Murphy sentiment after Murphy has gone is attested by the fact that New Britain, a city of over 20,000, South Manchester, where are the big Cheney silk-mills, and East Hartford, all voted "no license" at the recent election, largely owing to the indirect influence of his work.

The word "indirect" is used advisedly. It is one of the wonders of the Murphy campaign that it raises no "issues" and avoids antagonisms. It can be monopolized by no party or sect. Its platform is broad enough for Catholic and Protestant, priest and minister, to stand on it side by side. It permits no denunciation of the "moderate drinker"—though he may at times be strongly argued with—and forbids abuse even of the saloon-keeper. The clergyman and business man who do not see their way clear to wearing the blue ribbon themselves are yet invited to express their approval of the movement from Murphy's platform, to wish it God-speed—in short, "to preach total abstinence to the other fellow," as one such business man wittily put it; and he ended, as might be guessed, in wearing the blue ribbon himself. The Murphy movement is a revelation of toleration, viewed in the light of the usual temperance agitation. Its broad spirit finds fitting expression in its pledge, which reads:

MURPHY PLEDGE.

"*With Malice toward None, with Charity for All.*" *I, the undersigned, do Pledge my Word and Honor, God helping Me, to Abstain from all Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to Abstain.*

If the Murphy movement is in striking contrast with the ordinary narrow and somewhat bigoted total-abstinence movement, much more is Murphy himself in striking contrast to the typical temperance orator. As he steps out on the platform of one of his great gatherings—where the doors have, no doubt, been closed a half-hour or more before, as even the standing-room is gone—and raises his hand to still the tumultuous greeting which interrupts some preliminary song or solo, one who sees him for the first time involuntarily exclaims, "What a fine-looking, well-dressed, genial man!" Of about the average height, of good figure, of good features, a blond who has all a blond's attractive freshness of complexion, with wavy hair and a heavy mustache, the chief charm of all lies in his winsome smile, whose whole-souled good-fellowship and open frankness are as contagious as sunshine. No heart can escape its inspiration of hope and help. Then what a "well-groomed" man he is! From the fit of his bell-skirted Prince Albert coat and creased trousers to the nicety with which his cravat is tied, every detail is perfect.

MRS. THOMAS EDWARD MURPHY.

His method, if method it can be called when everything seems to go of itself without aim or machinery, is as unusual as the man. All centres in him. Business men—whom Murphy is very successful in enlisting in the cause—and clergymen are called up in some off-hand, unconventional way for a "few remarks"—a way that recalls the Salvation Army. While each speaks, Murphy sits close behind, his face reflecting every sentiment, and his voice punctuating the remarks with all sorts of comments, the audience actually seeing and hearing as Murphy interprets. When Murphy's own turn comes there is no attempt at an address. It is simply a talk, as colloquial as if it were delivered in a drawing-room before a select party of friends, now humorous, now pathetic, now intensely dramatic, moving this way and that as any chance incident may suggest, filled with stories, but absolutely free from coarseness, and stopping almost abruptly before any one is prepared for the end. The burden of it all is the glory of self-controlled manhood, the happiness of the home redeemed from the drink curse, the common-sense of being on the safe side.

There is nothing new in all this. It is as old as the temperance cause. And yet thousands will crowd a great hall for thirty or more consecutive nights to listen to its repetition. It is the "magnetism" of the man's own personality, his dominating optimism, the contagious geniality of his gospel of good cheer, which puts courage into the heart of the most despondent, and sends all out into the world nerved for new effort.

Then the charm of Murphy's complete informality grows constantly. He treats his audience as one big family, and enters upon all sorts of personal details. His favorite climax, "Isn't that so, Maggie?" at first grates unpleasantly, especially when one looks at Mrs. Murphy, a quiet, attractive, well-dressed, well-bred little woman. But soon one comes to take it as the most natural thing in the world, and appreciates how without that familiarity the whole effect might be missed. And, indeed, Mrs. Murphy is herself a great factor in her husband's success. She "keeps tab" on all his stories, arranges a hundred details for him, and by a warning or encouraging glance restrains or directs him when he is seemingly most at the mercy of the spontaneous movings of his own spirit. Coming from a home of wealth and refinement in Pittsburg, the daughter of Captain Vandegrift, of the United Pipe Lines Company, Mrs. Murphy shows a devotion to her husband and to the cause which has in it a touch of romance, and which draws many hearts to her. It seems impossible to imagine Murphy or the Murphy movement without her quiet, effective, gracious aid.

THOMAS EDWARD MURPHY.

It is now some ten years since "Ned" Murphy began his unique career. While acting as his father's secretary during a temperance campaign in England—then a mere boy of something over twenty—the father was called suddenly away, leaving him to do the work alone. His whole stock in trade was one set speech, already delivered. There was nothing for him to do but to throw away speechifying and to "get up and talk." He found that he could "talk," and with a few intervals devoted to private business, he has been "talking" on temperance ever since.

ARTHUR REED KIMBALL.

ON RONCADOR REEF.

JUST as this number of the WEEKLY is going to press the news comes from the south that the historic *Kearsarge* has laid her bones on a reef in the Caribbean Sea. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Although of a type now obsolete, so far as the methods and requirements of modern warfare are concerned, the old wooden corvette has long held place in the affections of our people. She destroyed the rebel *Alabama* one bright Sunday thirty years ago the 14th of June now coming. This signal action has saved her from going the way of the others of her class—the *Oneida*, *Tuscarora*, and the *Wachusett*—who have ended their days ingloriously by being dismantled and dismembered in the navy-yard shambles. To command the *Kearsarge* has always been held an honor, and her crew have always been noted for their spirit and efficiency. A cause for great rejoicing is that no souls were lost. Compared with the ships of the new navy she was small, and her fighting capacity—in a modern sense—insignificant. But she was well built and serviceable, her timbers of white-oak were as sound as ever, and her quarters, for a ship of her size, were airy and comfortable. She was built in 1861, in the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Navy-yard; measured 201 feet 4 inches in length; beam, 33 feet 10 inches; draught of water (fully stowed), 13 feet 5 inches forward and 14 feet 8 inches aft; displacement, 1550 tons; indicated horse-power, 843. Her maximum speed was 13 knots an hour under the most advantageous circumstances. Her ordinary speed was from 8 to 11 knots. She was launched on the 11th of September, 1861, and cost $272,514 99—a small sum compared with one of our later-day cruisers. Her complement was 20 officers and 160 men.

When the *Kearsarge* struck Roncador Reef she had on board Acting Rear-Admiral Stanton, and was the flag-ship of the North Atlantic Squadron. Her loss will not cripple our service to any great extent, but it will cause sorrow to many who remember what the action off the coast of France, just outside the harbor of Cherbourg, was, and what it meant. Here was a Confederate cruiser, black-listed as a pirate, manned principally by foreigners, and English built, that had destroyed $15,000,000 of unarmed Federal shipping and chased our flag for years from off the seas. It was a naval duel—one of the last, and it was fought out to the death. Nothing but a fortunate circumstance saved the *Kearsarge* on that memorable day. A shell that lodged in her sternpost failed to explode; if it had, she would have drifted at the mercy of the enemy, and Captain Semmes and his piratical crew would have dined in state that night at Cherbourg—heroes, every one. The attitude of the English at this time of the war was decidedly inimical to the United States, and the result of the engagement was a cause of much chagrin. Long odds had been laid that the *Alabama* would blow the Yankee out of the water. Every one knows the history of the fight; how the great 11-inch shells (she was armed with two 11-inch smooth bores then) ploughed into the rebel cruiser; and the English will have good cause to remember that they built her. So the old *Kearsarge* is gone. There will be a court of inquiry, and probably a light-house built down there in the Caribbean Sea. But the name of the old sloop will be in history linked with that of her gallant commander, Winslow; and the memory of that Sunday in June will be kept fresh as long as Uncle Sam has a single ship afloat or an American seaman in the service.

RICHARD BARRY.

GUNBOATS NOS. 7, 8, 9.

So important have grown our interests in Asiatic waters that Congress, by act of March 3, 1893, made provision for the construction of three light-draught steel gunboats, each to be of about 1200 tons displacement.

Small though these craft are in comparison with some of our mightier vessels, yet in their way they are uncommonly interesting, and significantly herald the advent of a well-defined foreign policy, and the prevalence of views more far-reaching than provision for the needs merely of our own coast guard.

Ten full years of advance in marine engineering and naval architecture are stamped upon these designs—an impress that must reflect great credit upon the present administration, and the good work that it has taken up in continuing the reconstruction of the navy.

No. 7 is a flush main-deck craft, carrying two light pole-masts and triangular sails; and her vitals are protected from medium gun fire by a water-tight deck and the disposition of her 380 tons coal supply about her boilers and engines.

Her general dimensions are: Length on load water-line, normal displacement, 220 feet; maximum breadth, moulded, 36 feet; mean draught at normal displacement, 11 feet; normal displacement, 1261 tons; indicated horse-power, maximum, 1750; speed, contract, 14 knots. Complement, officers, crew, and marines, 150 men.

The craft will be propelled by twin screws, actuated by two sets of quadruple-expansion engines, so arranged that the forward, low-pressure cylinder may be disconnected, and the rest of the motive power used more economically at cruising speeds as triple-expansion engines. To accomplish this without loss or unnecessary expenditure of fuel, the vessel will be provided with two kinds of boilers, tubulous and fire-tube, each maintaining different pressures of steam and feeding to different parts of the machinery when running at full speed; or the cylindrical fire-tube type, furnishing all the steam when the engines are working triple-expansion and the ship going at cruising speeds.

The purpose of the flush main-deck is to provide increased berthing space for the crew when in the tropics, as well as to give additional comfort in rough weather.

The armament will consist of eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns, arranged in sponsons on the gun-deck, and in the open on the main-deck, four 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns of rapid-fire type on the gun-deck forward and aft, and of two 1-pounder Hotchkiss and two Gatling guns disposed on the main-deck. There will be one torpedo-tube in the stem.

No. 8 and No. 9 have been more especially designed for particular service, and are intended for regular duty in the rivers and shallow waters of China.

Their principal dimensions are: Length on load water-line, normal displacement, 250 feet; maximum breadth, moulded, 40 feet; mean draught, at normal displacement, 8 feet; normal displacement, 1313 tons; indicated horse-power, maximum, 1600; speed, contract, 13 knots. Complement, officers, crew, and marines, 150 men.

These vessels will have water-tight decks over the boilers and engines, and that protection augmented by the manner in which their coal supply of 275 tons is stowed.

Owing to the light draught of these vessels, and the use of twin screws, together with the special river service for which they are designed, the hulls are of unusual shape aft under the water-line, that part of the vessel being hollowed out into two tunnels for the purpose of giving the water ready flow to the screws, the water-line breadth being maintained over nearly its full length, thereby affording protection to the screws against river-banks, and against downward fire, and injury by other craft in a crowded river. The extraordinary beam allows large berthing-space, increased by a covered deck extending aft for two-thirds of the vessel's length. The light draught has necessitated the adoption of twin rudders, one forward of the other, and so arranged that they may answer readily to either the forward or backward action of the screws before the vessels have acquired headway.

There is one military mast, carrying two Gatling guns in the upper top and two 6-pounders in the lower top. The conning-tower is situated just below the lower top.

As these vessels are for river service, and harbors likely to be crowded with other vessels, every precaution has been taken to obviate fouling, and but few obstructions appear upon their sides. The sponsons are so arranged that the guns are entirely within the line of the ships, while their range is in no wise limited on that account.

Aside from the customary exhaust system of ventilation, these vessels are to be provided with fresh air through a supply system of electric fans.

In very hot or wet weather, owing to an arrangement of awnings, the main-deck can be utilized for berthing the men.

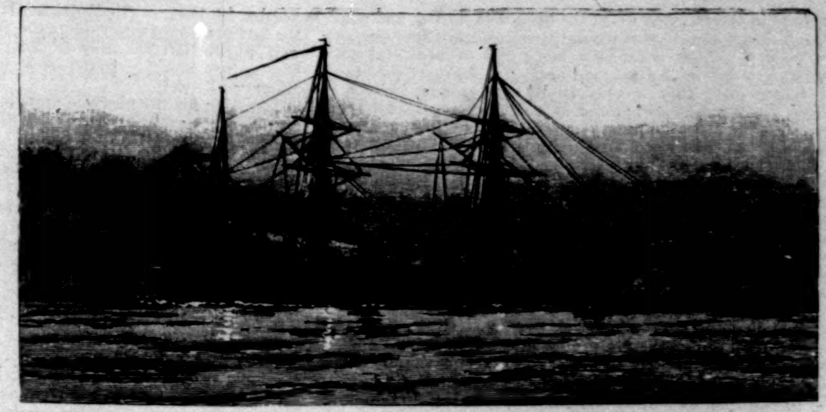
The arrangement of the battery will be as follows: four 4-inch rapid-fire guns mounted in pairs, respectively, two forward and two aft, those aft being mounted on the main-deck, those forward on the forecastle-deck, without other protection than that of gun-shields; four 4-inch rapid-fire guns mounted in armored sponsons on the gun-deck, amidships; two 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns mounted in armored sponsons on the gun-deck, amidships; two 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns mounted forward on the forecastle-deck; two 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns mounted in the lower top; two 1-pounder Hotchkiss guns on the bridge; and two Gatling guns in the upper top.

There will be two engines, one on each shaft, of the vertical, inverted, direct-acting, triple-expansion type, and six return-fire tubular boilers.

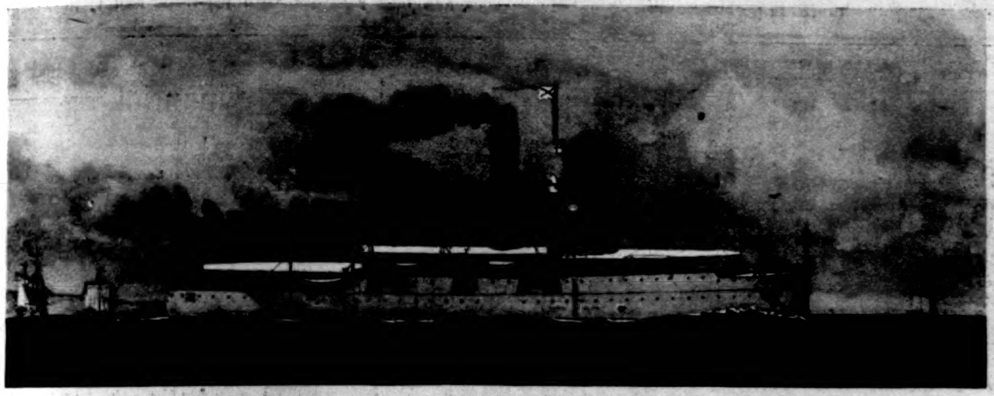
These vessels are to be built by the Newport News Ship-building and Dry-dock Company, at a contract price of two hundred and eighty thousand dollars apiece.

The bureaus of Steam-Engineering and Construction and Repair are to be congratulated upon these designs; and much of the work of the Construction Bureau is the result of many radical improvements suggested by the experience of Chief Constructor Hichborn.

R. G. S.



UNITED STATES CORVETTE "KEARSARGE."
Wrecked on Roncador Reef, February 2, 1894.—[See Page 164.]



DESIGN FOR U. S. GUNBOATS NOS. 8 AND 9.—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.

DESIGN FOR U. S. GUNBOAT NO. 7.—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has sailed for London in the interest of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *with a view to making a careful study of Amateur Sport in England. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department will be supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

AMERICAN SPORTS THEN AND NOW.

AMERICANS are so engrossed just now with the military and civil achievements of their forefathers during the colonial period and the Revolutionary war that they have almost overlooked the fact that these stern, dignified soldiers and statesmen varied the monotony of their careers with the frivolity of a dance or the wild hilarity of a fox-hunt.

The first settlers of this country could hardly be called sportsmen, although they were hunters—hunters from necessity. There was no other way to provide for their own and their families' subsistence. They were obliged to kill wild fowl and deer for their daily food, and the beasts of prey for their protection; it required a generation or two to breed domestic fowl for food, and to drive the wild animals beyond the bounds of settlements. The fathers, husbands, and brothers of the then Colonial Dames of America were not awakened by the music of the huntsman's horn; too often it was the Indian warwhoop or the baying of the wolf. If by chance it was a peaceful awakening, their first act was to feel if their scalps still covered their heads, and if their heads were firm upon their shoulders, for perchance their dreams had been of Smithfield fires or the Tower block. There were no *pleasures* of the chase for them. A hundred years later the still extensive forests and dense swamps afforded cover for deer and wild-fowl, and every wild creature peculiar to the climate and country took refuge there.

Sly Reynard couched in his den, and made nightly raids upon our great-grandmothers' poultry preserves, and was regularly hunted by dogs and men until he was bagged, if it took a run of forty miles to accomplish it.

At the period when our ancestors became sportsmen, a writer thus describes a day's sport: "A day being fixed upon for a general hunt, all the sportsmen meet at a given point with their huntsmen and hounds. There are but few of us that keep more than ten couple, but then every one having some dogs they make a very large pack when they are all collected. The sportsmen are then equally divided, one half going one side of the swamp, the other on the opposite side. They arrange themselves within gunshot of each other, and being all armed with double-barrelled guns, are ready for sport, which commences the moment the dogs and huntsmen are turned in. As soon as the dogs enter the swamp the game run out, and are fired upon by the first sportsmen they cross; they then run back to cover and double, with the dogs in full cry. It is not unusual in one of our largest swamps to drive out of it in one day's hunting, deer, wolves, bears, foxes, wild-cats, and a great quantity of wild turkeys, any of which the sportsman shoots as he thinks proper." It is interesting to note their disposition to mercifulness, for he continues: "We never follow one deer after he has made his escape from the swamp unless he is wounded, for their is no running down a deer with us. I have seen started in one day's hunt forty deer. The wolves we always run down; as they are very strong and large, they will run from four to five hours. If they are not shot in the chase, they come to bay in a thick cover with their backs to a hurricane root, where they will defend themselves against packs of dogs, their bite being very severe. Our bears and foxes and wild-cats are soon tired, and will always take to a tree, from which they are shaken down to the dogs."

Hunting wolves has always been considered fine sport by ardent sportsmen. The etiquette of the hunt at that period was very strict. "When a notice of a hunt was given, the time of meeting was stated, and it was considered a dereliction of duty on the part of the huntsman to be late, and the master of the hounds was considered discourteous if he kept the assembled company waiting."

Hunting clubs were not the fashion of the times, but wealthy land-owners in the colonies kept large stables of good horses and large kennels of good hunting-dogs, and their neighbors of similar taste but less fortune uniting, fixed upon certain days to hunt, and practically formed a hunting-club.

A stable costing ten thousand dollars a year was no uncommon feature of the life of a wealthy colonist, and that too at a period when slavery made labor cheap, and the land produced the provender for the horses.

Horse-racing was early indulged in. It was regularly introduced into Maryland in 1744. In New Jersey the Somerset County Court, October term, 1778, indicted John Schenck, a prominent citizen, for racing horses, and fined him ten pounds. As early as 1687 one Thomas Wainright, a wealthy English settler of Monmouth County, together with a number of his neighbors and friends, was arrested and fined for racing horses on Sunday, a pastime to which they appeared devoted, as a month later they were again arrested and fined for the same offence. They evidently were not religious refugees. Judging from the court records at various dates, New Jersey appears not to have encouraged horse-racing at any period of her history.

Hunting the wild turkey was one of the most popular diversions of the colonists. They, like the other game, took

refuge in the swamps when the hunt was started, and when the hunters and dogs surrounded the swamp, flew out and were shot. They were very large and of beautiful plumage, and flew with great swiftness. The feathers were used for fans and other decorations by our grandmothers, and their flesh was highly prized as a delicate morsel for their tables. We must deplore the almost utter extinction of this noble bird. The riotous slaughter of American game that American hunters have indulged in has been induced, doubtless, by its abundance. Our grandfathers found it no unusual sport to shoot a half-dozen wild turkeys in a morning. There has been for seventy years past an indiscriminate slaughter of birds and animals, until there is not enough left this side of the Rocky Mountains to afford a devotee of sport a week's legitimate enjoyment of his favorite pastime.

A celebrated Englishman wrote some years ago that hunting or coursing did not exist on this continent. He says, "The great topics, therefore, of condition, training, summering, and riding hunters to hounds are, of course, out of the question, as well as the kindred subjects of the management of greyhounds, kennel treatment, and hunting hounds." He could not have known that prior to the Revolution and immediately after, fox-chasing was a very popular amusement. It took a turn during the Revolution in the direction of chasing the British, but that could hardly, in humanity, be termed *sport*.

We have before us a notice that was published on November 19, 1781: "The Brooklyn Hunt posted a notice that the hounds would throw off on the Estate of Denyse Denyse, Esq., at the Narrows, near the ferry, at 9 A.M. on Thursday. One guinea would be given for a strong bag fox." Signed "Charles Loosely."

The taste for the pleasure must have had direct transmission, as a descendant of his is one of the hard-riding men of the Meadowbrook Club.

Washington in his diary gives evidence of a decided fondness for fox-hunting. That he hunted with hounds in distinguished and pleasant company is set forth in his diary. "Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis and catched a fox after three hours' chase; found it in the creek." Another day. "Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Greyson, and Phil Alexander came home by sunrise; hunted and catched a fox with these, Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Col. Fairfax, all of whom with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson, of England, dined here." Again he records, two days in succession, "hunted again with same company." Generally the hunting day, which occurred so frequently, ended in a dinner, and they must have sat late at the meal if "Mr. Greyson, Bryan Fairfax, and Phil Alexander" were just returning from one, when, as Washington writes, "they came home by sunrise." The English writer quoted above in the year 1849 again insists that hunting in its true acceptation with packs of trained hounds followed in view by mounted hunters can hardly be said to exist in North America, although there is one regular pack of fox-hounds kept up and hunted in perfect English style at Montreal, supported principally by the officers of the garrison. It is well managed during the season, and has shown great sport and fine runs. Many gentlemen in Southern States keep packs of hounds for pursuit both of deer and bears, and when the ground is practicable, ride to them well and daringly.

Washington assuredly hunted in style; it was not probably English style, but it was a faultless style, and as it is otherwise unappropriated, do let us claim it as American. It would be impossible for us to hunt exactly as Englishmen do; the features of the country are entirely different; in no portion of the United States can we find a reproduction of English hunting-ground. If we hunt American game over American country, "ride well and daringly," "keep the hounds in sight," "keep the pack together," and abstain from riding them down, is not our style good, American though it be? Washington must have known something of the treatment of dogs and of kennels. His own were situated about a hundred yards from the house. It was a plain wooden structure, paled in, and had a stream of clear water running through it. The pack was very large, and their names registered in his household book. They were entirely drafted as to speed and endurance. In running, if the leading dog lost the scent, another was at hand to recover it. When in full cry it was said "you could cover the pack with a blanket"; there was no straggling. "Washington's hunting costume was a velvet cap, blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, and buff breeches, with top-boots and riding-whip

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with a long thong." His party, with the huntsman, took the field at dawn of day; breakfast was served by candle-light; the whole cavalcade must often have left the house and the fox been unearthed at sunrise. Imagine the exhilaration of a gallop after the hounds in the clear sweet air at that hour of the morning! The fashion of the hunt breakfast at twelve o'clock is a nineteenth-century function, and came in with the aniseseed bag. There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which ladies and old men, people who simply desired to keep the chase in view, might ride.

In those times, we are told, they not only imported dogs, but great lovers of sport brought over foxes. In 1879, in Perry County, Pennsylvania, the people were much exercised by the appearance of a red fox in their vicinity. No one who saw it had ever before seen an animal of that kind. A New Jersey man, being conveniently near and consulted about it, pronounced it an English fox. He said some red foxes had been imported from England by one of the first English Governors of New York, who was a great sportsman, and they were turned out on Long Island, where they remained many years, but at last made their way across the ice to the mainland and spread over the country. That the red fox was an inhabitant of the Middle States may be inferred from the conflicting reports of his importation. We first find that a Governor of New York imported the red fox. We next read that to one Mr. Smith, in 1770, of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, was attributed the distinction of importing the red fox, and that he emigrated across the Chesapeake Bay, when it was frozen over in the winter of 1779, to Virginia. This appears to establish beyond question the *importation* of the red fox, that he was not a native of our soil. Just as we are settled in that conviction, however, we pick up a letter written by an Englishman who was visiting in this country. He says: "We have as great variety here of game and sports as there is in England, and I will say as good sportsmen too. The species of fox most abundant in this neighborhood is the *real American red fox.* The black and silver gray are also sometimes seen, but not often."

The opinion at one time prevailed among sportsmen that gray foxes left the districts invaded by the red, but intelligent observation refutes that belief, for in many localities they dwell together. The English sporting author quoted previously informs us that a pack of fox-hounds was kept at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, by a brother of Commodore Decatur about 1809, but that it had long since been given up. This was inexact, even at the time he wrote, 1848, as there were as early as 1825 throughout the Southern States both hunting clubs and private packs of hounds. Major Darnes, living near Arlington, Virginia, maintained and hunted a large private pack. There was a club at Norfolk, Virginia, one at Raleigh, North Carolina, and another at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and one at Annapolis which was very popular. Colonel Duval was M.F.H., and the leading families of that aristocratic old town composed its membership. The country about Annapolis is favorable to the chase, and they have throughout the State some of the progeny of those red foxes imported by Mr. Smith in 1770, who should take kindly to being hunted from their earliest foxhood.

Baltimore has maintained a pack since early in the century, and the popular Elkridge Hunt is the outgrowth. After Mr. Decatur's pack at Elizabethtown ceased to exist, there was no regular hunting in the Northern States for many years. This was owing to the wealthy people seeking their homes in the large cities, and it was not until they began to travel abroad, and see how Englishmen rode to hounds, and what splendid specimens of manhood the exercise produced, that they were incited to adopt the manly and laborious field sports that brought about such admirable physical development.

After an unsuccessful attempt to establish hunting at Hackensack, New Jersey, the effort was transferred to Long Island, and there first became known as the Queens County Hunt—Gray Griswold, Master. According to a newspaper of the period the event occurred thus: "Among those who appeared at the first meet were Gray Griswold, Hermann Oelrichs, Elliott Zbrowski, Belmont V. Purdy, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., Henry L. Herbert, Robert Center, William Jay, and others. After a run of eight miles the fox was captured in a corn field near Hicksville. Among the accidents that occurred, Hermann Oelrichs was knocked from his saddle, and a number of others were unhorsed. Some appeared in full hunting costume." This sporting centre of Long Island has been the nursery for all the hunting clubs in the vicinity of New York. Not with a view to discourage aspiring members of the various hunting clubs, but simply to record stubborn facts, we are impelled to mention that the life of a master of fox-hounds is either very short or very long. Three years is considered a short life and fifteen years a long one. If a M.F.H. can live beyond three years, he is almost certain to attain fifteen. There must be a toughness of fibre in both his mental and physical constitution that defies the assaults of the ill-nature and greed of farmers and farm laborers. He must possess an evident superiority of experience and attainments over his huntsman, and lastly there must be amiability and docility in such nicely adjusted proportions to determination and self-assertion in his character that a man of such mental endowments and physical endurance scarcely exists in a hunting club, or any other. If such a one is found and accepts the office of M.F.H., and does not expire at the end of three years, it is conceded that he will accomplish the whole of the allotted fifteen.

It is singular but true that all organizations for conviviality and pleasure have but a brief existence. Humanity in its grief can abide alone, but in its pleasure it craves companionship, and men seek the fulfilment of this in the organization of clubs to promote interest in athletics, fishing, shooting, and hunting; but the life of these institutions, like that of the M.F.H., is ephemeral.

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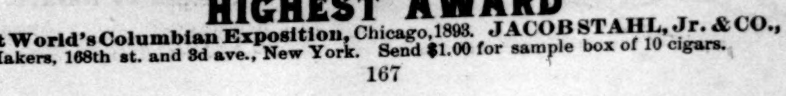

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